JURASSIC PARK

By

Michael Crichton

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RICK 0016

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"JURASSIC PARK"

EXT - MONTANA EXCAVATION SITE - DAY

CLOSE ON A CLAWED DINOSAUR TOE partially excavated from the rock. A HUMAN HAND reaches into frame with a whiskbroom, and gives us scale: this claw is actually as big as the hand. A small ruler is put alongside it. Fine dust blows. BEGIN MAIN TITLES

THE PALEONTOLOGIST

Bent over the claw, dressed in jeans and a faded T-shirt, covered in alkali dust, ALAN GRANT, is a no-nonsense working scientist. Entirely without pretensions, an unusual combination of scholar and outdoorsman. He has rugpads on his knees. His wire-frame glasses are dusty; he wipes them with a knuckle. He is totally focused on what he is doing.

VARIOUS ANGLES BEHIND MAIN TITLES

Progressively reveal Grant on a hillside in the Montana badlands, working alongside his ATTRACTIVE COLLEGE STUDENTS in dusty surroundings to expose a large skeleton. The work ranges from dental picks and tiny chisels, to photography and hand-held computers, to brute force hefting big rocks, and running them down the hill on a trolley. Grant not only digs but supervises this extensive effort, joking, cajoling, and sometimes yelling. The kids clearly like him. We catch only a couple of lines: one of the kids shows Grant a portable computer screen and asks a question, and he says, "Sorry, you know I hate computers." And another time, "they were probably egg-eaters."

The main excavation area is demarcated with lines that lay out big squares, and the skeleton is progressively shown, until finally we look straight down on it : a large version of the animal we will eventually recognize as a Velociraptor. END MAIN TITLES.

RICK2016

VOICE (O.S.)
Alan? Alan!

Grant looks up, stands. Coming up the hill from the camp is an athletic woman in shorts: ELLIE SATTLER. She carries a portable radiophone slung over her shoulder. They fall into step together, walking around the excavation site.

GRANT
(excited)
It's fantastic, Ellie—a perfect adult Velociraptor, easily the best specimen anybody's ever found...and there's an associated clutch of eggs, so probably it was an egg-eater ...actually, this guy could probably eat anything he came across...

ELLIE
(different tack)
Alan, something's up. I just got an urgent call from Hammond.

GRANT
John Hammond? The old dinosaur nut?

ELLIE
The *rich* old dinosaur nut who's paid the costs of this excavation for the past five years.

GRANT
What's he want?

ELLIE
I don't know, but he's sending his lawyer to see us now.

GRANT
Out *here*?

As if on cue, A HELICOPTER roars overhead.

FROM THE HELICOPTER - LOOKING DOWN ON THE EXCAVATIONS

Pilot tech-chatter and thumping blades as we fly over everybody digging.

BACK ON THE GROUND

The helicopter circles noisily, then starts to come down, flapping tent fabric, swirling dust around the site. Grant waves his arm, indicating it should go elsewhere.

The helicopter lands anyway. A SMOOTH MAN about 30 gets out, wearing an Armani suit, and runs over to them.

MAN
Dr. Grant? Don Gennaro, from the law firm of Cowan, Swain and Gennaro. How are you, sir?

GRANT
What the hell are you doing? Get off of my skeleton!

GENNARO
Your what?

RICK 0016

GRANT
You're walking on my skeleton!

GENNARO
Sorry, sir...

GRANT
Don't be sorry, get off it! Come over this way..
(leads him)

GENNARO
(with his own agenda)
Sorry about that, Dr. Grant. But I've come
from Mr. Hammond, and—

GRANT
Watch that line there—

Gennaro trips on the low line, marking the excavation squares. Stakes pulled up; students groan.

GENNARO
Sorry, ah, but Mr. Hammond wants to ask—

GRANT
Look out for the track—

The trolley track overturns, sending rocks tumbling down the hill. Gennaro is a walking disaster..

RICK 0016

GENNARO
—Want to ask if you and Dr. Sattler will come
with us now.

GRANT
Come with you? Where?

GENNARO
Mr. Hammond has something he very much
wants you to see. It's an island. Off the coast
of Costa Rica.

GRANT
(frowning)
Costa Rica?

GENNARO
4 I think you're going to be interested in this, Dr. Grant. Do you and Dr Sattler want to go pack some things? We're kind of in a hurry.

GRANT
5 You going to tell me what this is about?

GENNARO
6 I'll let Mr. Hammond do that. Shall we go? Mr. Hammond's taking a group down to Costa Rica, and we've got to meet his private jet in Great Falls.

7

4 EXT - HAMMOND'S JET - DAY

His personal jet is a DC9, flying through the clouds. Stencilled on the side: "Hammond Genetic Technologies, Inc."

5 INT - JET - DAY

We are in a pleasant cabin. JOHN HAMMOND, vigorous 70's, is a compact man with an enormous, handsome head. He has a crusty, vaguely British speech, and wears a banker's suit. Exudes old, corrupt money.

HAMMOND
8. Alan Grant, so good of you to come. Ah, and Dr. Sattler, so good of you to come, too, and on such short notice. You look lovely, my dear.

GRANT
Mr. Hammond, you've supported our research for many years—

HAMMOND
9. —Oh, I'm very interested in dinosaurs, yes.

GRANT
10. —so if you ask me to do something, of course I will. (beat) Although I didn't know you had any projects in Costa Rica.

HAMMOND
(pleased with himself, playing a private game)
Just one. Just one.

ELLIE
How long will we be there?

HAMMOND
Just a day or two. Although, you'll probably want to stay longer.

GRANT
We will?

HAMMOND
(grinning in private amusement)
Oh, I think so. Let me show you something about where we are going. This way...

ANOTHER ROOM OF THE JET

It almost looks like an architect's office: blueprints on the walls, and a display case in the center, which we can't see because TWO PEOPLE have their backs turned to us, murmuring. They look back as our people enter.

HAMMOND
Let me introduce the others who're coming with us. Dr. Grant, Dr. Sattler and Mr. Gennaro, this is Dennis Nedry, who designed all the incredible computer systems for us...

DENNIS NEDRY is 35, with heavyset joviality. He shakes hands all around. As he meets Grant:

NEDRY
Hey, how you doing.

GRANT
I'm afraid I don't know anything about computers.

NEDRY
(cheery)
That's all right. I know enough for both of us.

HAMMOND (cont'd)
And Ian Malcolm, the chaos mathematician, who was one of the consultants on the project early on. And one of our severest critics.

IAN MALCOLM is late 30's, personable, flamboyant, more like a talk-show host than a scholar.

MALCOLM
He means I said this project wouldn't work. I was always very strongly against the project.

GRANT
What exactly is the project?

MALCOLM
Basically a zoo, at least the way they describe it..

HAMMOND
And these are my grandchildren, Tim and Lex Murphy. They've come with us for the weekend, too.

TIM MURPHY, 11 and bespectacled-scholarly, borderline nerdy, and LEX, a tomboy of 7, wearing a baseball hat, dangling a mitt over her shoulder, very cool. Gennaro looks astounded at the sight of the kids.

GENNARO
(tense)
Mr. Hammond, may I have a word with you, please?

Stay with the kids as they politely shake hands with the adults. When Tim comes to Grant, he stops.

RICK 0016

TIM
I know you...You're Alan Grant...

GRANT
That's right...

TIM
Wow...I have your book. "Lost World of the Dinosaurs." It's my favorite book.

LEX
Daddy says that Tim has dinosaurs on the brain.

GRANT
Dinosaurs on the brain? Well, I have the same problem.

LEX
Daddy says dinosaurs are really stupid. He says Tim should get out in the air and play more sports and stop diddling with his computer.

ELLIE
And what do you like, Lex?

LEX
Third base. But I'm thinking of switching to first. My hitting's improved, since I stopped cocking my wrists. I hit .300 now...

ELLIE
Pretty good..

To one side, Gennaro and Hammond trade whispers, fiercely. Gennaro is furious:

GENNARO
What the hell do you think you're doing, bringing kids on a trip like this?

HAMMOND
Their parents are getting a divorce, they need a distraction, and I think they'd like to see the island—

GENNARO
This is not a social outing, and you know it! It could be dangerous!

HAMMOND
Oh please. It's perfectly safe, and I'll invite whomever I want...Now I don't want the kids upset. They're coming with us, and that's final.

Back to the group, as Hammond cheerfully returns. Leads them to display case:

HAMMOND
Let me show you where we are going... It's a game preserve, a sort of park. It's located on an island one hundred miles off the coast of Costa Rica, called...

The display case shows the island itself, as a model.

FROM A HELICOPTER - THE ACTUAL ISLAND

Rising sharp and jagged from the ocean, its peaks mysterious, shrouded in mist. It has an unworldly look....as if once we enter that mist, we will enter another world.

HAMMOND
...Isla Nublar. Fog Island. Actually an extinct volcano. The island is permanently clouded in mist.

MALCOLM
Looks like bloody Alcatraz.

HAMMOND
Much larger, of course. Eight miles long, four miles wide, twenty four square miles, the largest privately owned animal preserve in North America...

PILOT
Starting our descent now. Hang on, folks.

The helicopter plunges into the mist that cloaks the island.

INT - HELICOPTER

The helicopter bounces and jolts wildly in the thermals. With radio crackle and technical chatter of pilot and tower, jagged cliffs close around us, tree branches reaching out through the mist. Passengers look from one side to the other—it's close on all sides. We descend rapidly.

RICK 0016

TOWER (on radio)
Five hundred feet...four hundred...

Intermittently, clouds block everything, so we see only the flashing flare of the helicopter's own lights. When the fog clears, the cliffs and trees seem even closer.

TOWER (on radio)
Two hundred feet...one hundred fifty feet...

Ellie grips her knees. Outside, the window is opaque again.

TOWER (on radio)
One hundred feet...

Below, in the fog, the lighted helipad with a huge glowing X. Inside the helicopter, a RAPID BEEPING SOUND, like a stall alarm, makes passengers even more tense, but Hammond is serene, smiling like a pinstripe Buddha. And then the helicopter abruptly settles, the sound decreasing.

HAMMOND
(beaming)
Ah. Here we are. Safe and sound.

The doors open, and they step down onto a lighted gangway away from the helicopter pad. They start down the hill. The helicopter almost immediately lifts off again. We cannot help but feel stranded.

THE GROUP

Walking down from the helipad to parked CONVERTIBLES. There is a big valley overlook, but the heart of the vista is all cloudy.

HAMMOND
Oh, too bad that it's foggy...

They hear a faint cry. Unworldly. Answered by several others.

GRANT
What's that?

HAMMOND
The animals.

GRANT
What animals make a sound like that?

HAMMOND
Let's get in the cars and go see...

DRIVING IN CONVERTIBLES

The cars stop at a break in the foliage, between big tree trunks. Beyond, we see a field of grass, then a sloping forested area going down to a lagoon.

LEX
Why have we stopped?

HAMMOND
Dr. Grant asked about the animals...

LEX
Yeah? Where are they?

As she speaks, suddenly—the trees in front of us move! There is a deep trumpeting sound, and TWO GIGANTIC APATOSAURS rumble away! The ground shakes as they walk! Their bellowing fills the air! The passengers all crane their heads to look up at the dinosaur heads on 50 foot necks.

HAMMOND
Commonly called Brontosaurus but I believe the correct term is actually Apatosaurus. Dr. Grant, do I have that right? Dr. Grant?

Grant in shock, staring upward. In fact, all the passengers stare up with their mouths open...The big animals moving overhead...

LEX
No shit...Are they for real?

HAMMOND
Very real, Lex. You're looking at genetically engineered dinosaurs. (it honks again) The first of their kind in the world...You see, we have a whole herd of apatosaurs.

As the apatosaurs move their immense legs, they reveal a classic, tranquil dinosaur scene—it could be from a childrens' book:

The light is misty, soft, with a low ground fog. The lagoon surface ripples in pale crescents. It is quiet, except for the drone of cicadas. A HERD OF SAUROPODS grazes by the lagoon, eating the high leaves of the palm trees. Their bodies are mirrored in the surface of the lagoon. Smaller duck-billed HADROSAURS stand on hind legs to get at foliage, dropping gracefully back down on all fours to swallow. BABY HADROSAURS scamper around the adults, eating the leaves that drop from the mouths of the larger animals.

HAMMOND
(underplay for effect)
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Jurassic Park.

RICK 0016

The adults just stare.

TIM
(excitedly)
Those're hadrosaurs, and baby hadrosaurs, and those others are maiasaurs...and othnelia...

HAMMOND
You'll have a chance to see all the dinosaurs here at the park...but for now, let's just get you settled in your rooms at Park Headquarters.

EXT - PARK HEADQUARTERS

The park buildings laid out in the landscape. Although still under construction, it is sufficiently finished to be recognizable as a fabulous, visionary resort.

EXT - VISITOR LODGE

The car drives through gates leading up to a magnificent structure, with pyramidal glass skylights.

INT - VISITOR LODGE - DAY

Grant and Ellie walk through into their rooms, furnished in safari/rattan style. Automatically a TV comes on:

VOICE ON TV
Hello, and welcome to Jurassic Park, the unique and exciting entertainment resort from Hammond Genetic Technologies. We hope you will enjoy your stay with us.

GRANT
Entertainment resort?

Ellie tosses her light bag on the bed, looks up at the skylight over the bed.

ELLIE
Bars in the ceiling.

GRANT
The windows are small, too.

ELLIE
And there's a fence all around the building. It's almost like a prison. (beat) Why do you think they asked us down here?

GRANT
I think they've got some kind of problem, but I don't know what.

VOICE ON TV
...surrounded by absolute luxury with tennis courts, swimming pools, putting green, jacuzzi and sauna , as well as your choice of four different three-star restaurants...(etc)

The TV continues, playing in exact synchronization in all the following rooms:

INT - TIM'S ROOM

Lex trampolines on the bed while Tim watches the TV, fascinated.

INT - MALCOLM'S ROOM

Malcolm tries to turn off the TV, finds he can't, and swears at the set.

INT - NEDRY'S ROOM

Ignoring the TV, he's unscrewing the telephone, and clips a small box to it. Then he dials and whispers into it. We can't hear what he says.

INT - GRANT'S ROOM

Grant stares out the window.

GRANT
I just don't get it.

ELLIE
Get what?

In the L of the buildings, Grant can see Nedry in his room.

GRANT
Why would the big computer expert be taking apart the telephone?

ELLIE
(amused)
You just don't like computers—or computer people....

RICK 0016

MALCOLM
(sticking his head in)
Ready for the tour? I can't bear that TV any more.

GENNARO
(coming up)
Actually...If I can have a word with you for a moment. They're going to give us a song and dance about how great everything is here. But I represent the investors, and I want to know if this island is safe or not.

GRANT
Safe?

GENNARO
Yes. I want to know if the dinosaurs are safe for tourists, and if they are safely contained on the island. So they can't get off.

MALCOLM
It's always been my opinion that this project wouldn't work. You cannot make a zoo with dangerous animals that perfectly contains them. It can't be done.

GRANT
Don't you want to see the island first, before you give an opinion?

MALCOLM
I don't need to see, it's in the mathematics. (seeing puzzled looks) You know anything about the behavior of non-linear equations?

GRANT
(wincing)
Not really...What does it have to do with the behavior of dinosaurs?

MALCOLM
Maybe we can discuss it at some point. The theory is quite clear.

GRANT
Okay, but I'm not much for theory. I like to dig in, and get my hands dirty.Then I can figure out what's really going on.

EXT/INT - VISITOR CENTER

They enter to recorded dinosaur roars. The interior is large, elegantly but incompletely decorated with dinosaur skeletons, like a high-tech dinosaur museum. The theme: "WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH." The space is unfinished; scaffolding still hangs.

HAMMOND
I'd like you to meet Ed Regis, one of our geneticists. Involved in cloning the dinosaurs.

ED REGIS is a bespectacled, extremely enthusiastic man. His enthusiasm would be excessive if it were not so sincere.

REGIS
Hi, it's just great that you've all come to see us! We're so excited about what we are doing here in Jurassic Park, I'm just delighted to be able to share it with you! Now if you'll come this way, our regular tour starts over here. It isn't finished, but you can get the idea. See the people will go this way...

A huge dinosaur head gapes open. They troop through the open mouth to

INT - AUDITORIUM

As they sit, and ED REGIS hops up on stage.

REGIS
(to projectionist)
Are we ready to begin? You all lined up? Okay.
(recomposes his face, to audience)
Hi, I'm Ed Regis, and I'm glad you folks have come to Jurassic Park. Most people who visit us want to know how we've made those mighty animals from the past, the dinosaurs. I'll try and answer those questions now.

Room lights down.

REGIS (cont'd)
But genetic cloning is complicated to explain. I'm going to need help. From a real clone—Ed Regis.

RICK 0 16

Another Ed appears, projected on a screen behind him.

REGIS
Hi, Ed.

ONSCREEN ED
Hi, Ed.

REGIS
We've got to help these nice folks understand what we've done at Jurassic Park.

ONSCREEN ED

You mean the genetics?

REGIS

Right, Ed.

In the audience, Malcolm squirms. He leans over to Grant.

MALCOLM

Nothing like a thorough technical discussion.

ONSCREEN ED

Okay, Ed...Let's see (peering forward at audience)...do these people know anything about genetics?

REGIS

I don't think so, not much.

ONSCREEN ED

Then...Hold out your finger.

REGIS

Why?

ONSCREEN ED

I need some of your genetic material.

REGIS

Now just a minute here, Ed...

ONSCREEN ED

Your genetic material is the same in every cell of your body. And you have a hundred trillion cells in your body. You won't miss a couple.

REGIS

I might.

ONSCREEN ED

Just hold out your finger, Ed.

Onscreen Ed appears to reach forward with a needle, and jab.

REGIS

Ow!

ONSCREEN ED
Don't be such a baby. I just took a little drop of blood...
(puts it under a microscope)
Now look at your white cells. You see each one has a nucleus. And inside that nucleus...
(image changes)
...is the genetic material, called DNA. It's very long. One DNA molecule in a single cell is actually six feet long!
(image changes)
But this molecule has an even more amazing property. It can reproduce itself...
(image changes)
And make another copy. And another cell. And if this new cell were grown into a full organism, we would get...Another Ed Regis! And another!

Onscreen, a new clone. And another. Each new one speaks.

NEW EDS
Hi, I'm Ed....Hi, I'm Ed...(etc)

ONSCREEN ED
And another! Stop! That's enough.

REGIS
You're telling me, Ed.

ALL THE EDS
You're telling US!

In the audience, Malcolm groans, shakes his head.

REGIS
And I thought to reproduce myself, I had to do it, the ah, old-fashioned way.

ONSCREEN ED
Not any more, Ed. We'll do it for you, with just a drop of your blood. Of course, you probably don't want us to do that.

REGIS
No, I don't!

ONSCREEN
But it's pretty handy to recreate dinosaurs. Because all we'd need is a little dinosaur blood.

REGIS
Dinosaur blood! Dinosaurs have been extinct for sixty million years. Where do you think you're going to get dinosaur blood?

ONSCREEN ED
Let's go back...in the age of dinosaurs.

The screen widens to show an animated panorama.

ONSCREEN ED
When dinosaurs ruled the earth, these big animals attracted lots of ticks and mosquitoes and flies...
(image changes)
Which would bite the dinosaurs, and afterward some of them would go sit on a tree branch... and get covered in sticky sap...
(image changes)
...which would traps the insect. And that sap would harden, after millions of years, into amber, the yellow resin used in jewelry.
(image changes: jewelry)
Often you find insects trapped in amber. In our laboratories...
(show labs)
We can drill into the amber, and then into the insect's stomach...
(show close-ups, then microscopic, then ultramicroscopic)
...very carefully...we can sometimes get some blood.
(image changes)
Which we analyze in our high-speed computers...
(image changes)
And once in a while it turns out to be blood from a dinosaur. We clone the DNA in our laboratories...
(image changes)
and grow it in our special hatcheries...
(image shifts to animation)

RICK 0016

and out comes...a baby dinosaur! And he goes
to live in Jurassic Park!
(image changes)
That's all there is to it!

Animated dinosaurs in a park setting applaud. Sustain this dinosaur tableau.

MALCOLM
Surely that's not quite all there is to it.
Shouldn't we have a rather more technical
discussion of what 's been done? (pointedly)
From the person who actually did it?

REGIS
(looking hurt)
Well, if you insist, our chief geneticist, Dr. Wu
can show you the actual labs...

MALCOLM
I insist.

Everybody gets up to leave although the animals are still being projected on the wall; the show still goes on...

UPSTAIRS - LOOKING DOWN ON THE LABS

We are on a high walkway where we can look down on the various labs. HENRY WU, 35, in a labcoat, cool and precise, proud of his astonishing accomplishment.

WU
The labs themselves are restricted so we can't
take visitors through, but basically we begin
here with physical extraction from amber...

We look down on technicians working with microscopes, needles in amber, etc. The screens show scanning microscope imagery, in black and white. Wu chatters rapidly:

WU (cont'd)
...using Levine-Loy antibody technique. Our
methods are sensitive to the presence of only
fifty nanograms of protein material...If the
insect thoracic cavity contains any dinosaur
DNA, we will recover it here. Next...

THE COMPUTER ROOM

High speed computer screens analyzing DNA code. Stainless-steel boxes all around, in rows. It looks just like

WU (cont'd)
Our high-tech laundromat. Three Cray XMP's analyze the code and the Hamachi-Hood automated sequencers repair and form the nucleotides in the correct order. Needless to say, we could never do this work without computers...

THE HATCHERY

Warm infrared light, rocking eggs on tables covered in faint mist.

WU
We insert the DNA into these plastic eggs and grow them in the hatchery, as you see here.

GRANT
How long does it take them to grow?

WU
Two months, until they hatch. They attain adulthood two to four years after that, depending on species...this way...

MALCOLM
And how many species do you have?

WU
I lose track. Fifteen, I believe. Is that right, Ed?

REGIS
Yes, fifteen.

MALCOLM
(disbelief)
You lose track?

WU
(unperturbed)
As you see, we're in complex development here, and sometimes a species has to go back to the drawing boards, so to speak...But I believe there are fifteen stable species, and about two hundred and thirty-odd animals.

REGIS
Species development is incredibly exciting, absolutely incredible. You going to show them an animal now, Dr. Wu?

WU
Yes, I thought we'd go to the nursery. (to group) That is, if you'd like to get a look at one of our babies?

INT - THE NURSERY

A FEMALE TECHNICIAN in a labcoat has A BABY DINOSAUR on her shoulder.

TIM
Jeez...

The baby is the size of a small monkey. Dark yellow with brown stripes, like a tiger. It has a lizard's head but it stands upright on hind legs, balanced by a straight tail. Small front legs wave in the air. It cocks its head and peers at the visitors around it.

GRANT
Velociraptor...

WU
Velociraptor mongoliensis, yes. Just two weeks old.

Grant leans forward for a better look, and the raptor jumps to Tim's shoulder.

RICK 0016

TIM
Hey!

WU
The babies can jump. So can the adults, as a matter of fact.

Tim holds the raptor, the little face inches from his own. Dark, beady eyes stare. A small forked tongue flicks in and out.

TIM
Will he hurt me?

WU
No. She's friendly.

GENNARO
(concerned)
Are you sure?

WU
Oh yes. The babies don't have any teeth, even egg teeth.

NEDRY
Egg teeth?

WU
Most dinosaurs are born with egg teeth—little horns on the tip of the nose, to help them break out of the eggs. But raptors aren't. They poke a hole in the eggs with their snouts, and then the nursery staff has to help them out.

GRANT
You have to help them out...What about in the wild?

WU
In the wild?

GRANT
When they breed in the wild.

WU
Oh, they can't do that. They are incapable of breeding. That's why we have a nursery. It's the only way to replace stock in Jurassic Park.

GENNARO
Why can't the animals breed?

WU
Very simple. All the animals are female.

MALCOLM
Hmm. I wonder, is that checked? Does anyone go out and ah, lift up the dinosaurs' skirts to have a look? I mean, how does one determine the sex of a dinosaur, anyway?

RICK 0016

WU
Sex organs vary with the species. It's easy to tell on some, more difficult on others. But, to answer your question, the reason we know all the animals are female is that we literally engineer them that way. So the animals are all female. And, believe me, they can't breed.

The little velociraptor sniffs at Tim, and rubs his head against Tim's neck. Tim giggles. Grant peers critically at the raptor, touches the tiny three-clawed hand.

GRANT
(to Tim)
Do you mind?

Tim releases the animal. Grant flips it onto its back, inspecting it, while it squirms. Then he lifts the animal high to look at its profile, and it screams shrilly.

WU
She doesn't like that. Doesn't like to be held away from body contact...

The raptor is still screaming, Grant now squeezing the tail, feeling the bones.

WU (cont'd)
Dr. Grant. If you please.

Grant hands the animal back to Tim. It stops squealing. It nuzzles Tim.

RICK 0016

REGIS
I'm sorry, Dr. Grant, but we here at Jurassic Park feel it is important that the animals be treated in the most humane manner. After all, they are guests in our world, so to speak...

The little raptor opens its jaws and hisses at Grant, in a posture of intense fury.

GRANT
Fascinating.

TIM
Can I stay and play with it?

WU
It's three o'clock, and I think it's time for Mr. Regis to give you a tour of the park itself, so you can see all the dinosaurs and the habitats we have designed for them.

THE UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

The group follows Regis.

GRANT
Do you have full-grown Velociraptors here?

REGIS
Oh yes. Nine adult females.

GRANT
Will we see them on the tour?

REGIS
Actually no. The raptors are in a special holding pen, because they aren't integrated into the park setting yet....

MALCOLM
Why is that?

GRANT
I'd really like to see them.

REGIS
Well, we're on our way to the control room, which is where we go next.

MALCOLM
(suspiciously)
Is there some reason why we can't see the raptors?

REGIS
(instantly)
Absolutely not. You can go right now—I'll show you where it is, you can go there alone.

32 EXT - THE PARK

The group walks along.

REGIS
The raptor pens are over past the maintenance building.

Some of the group leaves. Lex remains behind, snapping her ball into her glove.

REGIS
You're not going?

LEX
No.... (appraising stare) Wanna toss a few?

REGIS
(grinning)
Sure.

They start to play catch.

32 NEAR THE MAINTENANCE BLDG

A loud hum as the group walks by. Through a slightly open door, we see two storeys of humming complex equipment.

GRANT
Looks like enough to power a small city.

MALCOLM
They probably need it for all the computers.

Tim looks, says nothing. He is happy to be tagging along.

EXT - RAPTOR PENS

They stop before a 12' high fence, with coils of barbed wire on top. It hums with electricity. Beyond the fence, dense clusters of five-foot high ferns. We hear a snorting, snuffling sound, then silence.

Grant points: amid the ferns, the two foot-long head of an animal. Motionless, partially hidden in the fronds, dark eyes watch coldly. A pointed snout, long rows of teeth. The head looks like a large lizard. The eyes don't blink. The skin is pebbled, leathery yellow-brown with darker reddish markings, like the stripes of a tiger.

As we watch, a strongly-muscled forelimb reaches up slowly to part the ferns beside the animal's face. The hand has three grasping fingers, each ending in curved claws.

TIM
I only see one...

The attack comes from both sides. Charging animals cover the ten yards to the fence with shocking speed—a blurred impression of powerful, six-foot tall bodies, stiff balancing tails, open jaws—rows of jagged teeth.

Snarling, the raptors race forward, and leap bodily into the air, raising their hind legs with their big dagger-claws. They strike the fence in front of us, throwing off twin bursts of hot sparks, then fall back to the ground, hissing in fury.

The visitors move forward, fascinated, as the animals get to their feet. Only then does the third raptor charge, coming straight forward, leaping up to strike the fence at chest level.

Tim screams in shock as the sparks explode all around him. The raptors snarl, a low reptilian hissing sound, spin, and leap back among the ferns, leaving behind a faint hanging acrid smoke.

TIM
Holy shit.

ELLIE
So fast...

GRANT
Raptors are pack animals. They hunt in groups, like hyenas and wolves.

MALCOLM
(dusting himself off)
Yes. Quite impressive....Well. I shall be extremely interested to see their control room now.

RICK 0016

15 INT - THE CONTROL ROOM

Small, but dense: a cross between a carrier flight deck and a miniature mission control. Clusters of monitors, screens and vertical glowing HUDs.

TIM
Wow...

REGIS
This is the control room, the nerve center of Jurassic Park. This is our chief park engineer, John Arnold, and our park warden, Robert Muldoon. John, you want to tell our visitors about the park control mechanisms?

JOHN ARNOLD, lean, chain smoking man of 45 in shirtsleeves, turns to the group.

JOHN ARNOLD
We have unbelievable control mechanisms. For example, animal tracking. Name an animal.

GENNARO
(shrug)
Tyrannosaurus rex.

Arnold presses a button on his console, and the vertical glass map lights up with a pattern of lines. A single blinking spot with a code number appears by the lagoon.

ARNOLD
That's our T-rex, over by the lagoon now. He tends to stay close to the water.

MALCOLM
How about a, uh, stegosaurus?

ARNOLD
Hell, I'll show you every animal in the park.

The map lights up like a Christmas tree, dozens of spots of light, each with a code number.

ARNOLD
You're looking at the present location of all two hundred thirty eight dinosaurs. Accurate within five feet. Updated every thirty seconds. If we lost any dinosaurs, we'd know at once.

Nearby, the computer screen shows a tally of species: **Total Animals 238.**

MALCOLM
How's it done?

ARNOLD
We have motion sensors all over the park. They give us direct image recognition off video. So even when we're not watching, the computer is—and keeping track of where all the animals are.

MALCOLM
I see. And these sensors are everywhere in the park?

ARNOLD
There are only a few places we can't use them. We can't use them on the jungle river, because the convection rising from the water screws up the sensors. But we have them everywhere else.

GENNARO
How about physical containment for the dinosaurs, their enclosures...

MULDOON
These are expensive animals, Mr. Gennaro. We take very good care of them—they get the best feeding, medical care, and the safest enclosures. We contain them with a combination of deep concrete moats....
(Arnold lights up board with orange bars)
...and electrified fences.
(new lines of bright red on board)
All our fences carry ten thousand volts. The animals quickly learn not to go near them.

ARNOLD
I control everything from this computer, by myself. As a matter of fact, I need only 20 people to operate the whole island.

GENNARO
And this computer is secure?

ARNOLD
Very secure. The computer has independent power and independent backup power. The system does not communicate with the outside, so it cannot be influenced remotely by modem. The system is secure. (pauses, puffs cigarette) Hell of a Goddamned system.

MALCOLM
This is the system Mr. Nedry designed?

Nedry is sitting down at a terminal in the corner of the room, taking out a candy bar and typing.

NEDRY
(not looking up from keyboard)
That's right. And I might as well get started on the bugs.

ARNOLD
(proudly)
Bugs are minor. It's really a hell of a system.

REGIS
All right. Now, unless you have other questions, I see the tour is starting...

EXT - VISITOR CENTER - AFTERNOON

A line of Toyota Land Cruisers comes from an underground garage. Each car pulls up, driverless and silent. BLACK MEN in safari uniforms open doors.

RECORDED VOICE
Two to four passengers to a car, please.... Children under ten must be accompanied by an adult...two to four passengers to a car...

Grant, Ellie, Malcolm and Gennaro get in the first Land Cruiser. Tim and Lex get in the second car with Regis.

INSIDE THE SECOND LAND CRUISER

Tim whistles: mounted in the dashboard are two computer screens, a CD-ROM, a portable walkie-talkie, a radio transmitter. Odd goggles in the map pocket.

RICK 001

The men slam the doors. The car starts off with an electric hum. Up ahead, the three scientists and Gennaro are talking and pointing, excited.

FEMALE RECORDED VOICE
These special lightweight Land Cruisers are guided by an electric cable buried in the roadway. So now, just sit back, relax and enjoy the tour.

A fanfare of trumpets, and the interior screens flash WELCOME TO JURASSIC PARK. A sonorous voice intones:

MALE RECORDED VOICE
Welcome to Jurassic Park. You are now entering the lost world of the prehistoric past, a world of mighty creatures long gone from the face of the earth, which you are privileged to see the first time.

The land cruisers set out on the tour, leaving the visitor center behind.

EXT - DEEPER INTO THE PARK - ON "PARK DRIVE" 4

The Land Cruisers move slowly among the foliage. Fences and retaining walls are screened by greenery to give the illusion of moving through real jungle.

RECORDED VOICE
We imagine the world of the dinosaurs as a world of huge vegetarians, eating their way through the swampy forests of the Jurassic era, a hundred million years ago. Yet the smallest dinosaurs were no bigger than a house cat, and the average dinosaur was only about as big as a pony. But for most people, the classic dinosaur is the sauropod. If you look to your left...

They all look to the left.

They see: the sun is falling, sinking into a misty horizon. The whole landscape of Jurassic Park is bathed in soft light, with lengthening shadows. Sauropods and hadrosaurs graze...This is another angle on the scene we have already seen.

RICK 0016

RECORDED VOICE
These fascinating herbivores each weigh between five and thirty tons, making them the largest creatures ever to roam the earth....

As the voice talks, the cars creep forward, and there is a slight shuddering.

42 IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Arnold at the console with Muldoon; Hammond at windows overlooking the park.

ARNOLD
Clutches are slipping. Have maintenance check the electric clutches on vehicles BB4 and BB5 when they come back.

VOICE (on radio)
Yes, Mr. Arnold.

HAMMOND
A minor detail.

ARNOLD
There are no minor details, Mr. Hammond.

HAMMOND
Arnold, you're a worrier.

MULDOON
This is the first time we've actually had visitors in the park...and even with all our technology, Jurassic Park is inherently dangerous.

HAMMOND
Oh *balls*.

ARNOLD
I'm afraid it's true: most of the animals are dangerous. We've had to delay the Jungle River Ride because of the dilophosaurs; and the Overland Ride because of the triceratops charges. As for the raptors—

HAMMOND
Let's not start on the velociraptors. I'm sick of hearing how the velociraptors are the most vicious creatures anyone has ever seen.

MULDOON
(low)
They are. They should all be destroyed.

HAMMOND
They're an *attraction*.

ARNOLD
They're too dangerous to include in the park, Mr. Hammond. And we all know it...

HAMMOND
Don't blame your problems on these magnificent animals. You just get the engineering correct, and the animals will be fine. Perfectly safe. Meanwhile, how's the computer? This damn computer has always been a headache.

He glances at Nedry, working at his terminal in the corner.

NEDRY
Well, maybe if you'd paid me all my fees—

HAMMOND
Well, if you had done it right in the first place—

ARNOLD
Gentlemen. (puts hand on Hammond's arm) It's a large system. There are bound to be glitches.

Arnold looks at the monitor on his right-hand console, which shows the electric Land Cruisers driving along a ridge, overlooking a fast-moving river.

BACK TO THE LAND CRUISERS

RECORDED VOICE
If you look to your left, you'll see our Mesozoic jungle river—where, if you are lucky, you may catch a glimpse of a very rare and dangerous carnivore. Keep your eyes peeled, everyone...

RICK 0016

Inside screens show a head topped with a flame red crest. But everyone is looking out the windows.

RECORDED VOICE
And there it is... Dilophosaurus.

THREE DILOPHOSAURS crouch by the river, drinking. Amazing: ten-foot tall bodies spotted yellow and black—they look like a cross between a lizard and a leopard. Their heads have two broad curving crests from the eyes to the nose. The crests make a V shape above the dinosaur's head. The animals hoot like an owl.

LEX
They're pretty.

RECORDED VOICE
Dilophosaurus is one of the earliest carnivorous dinosaurs. Scientists thought their jaw muscles were too weak to kill, but now we know they are poisonous.

TIM
(grinning)
Hey. All right.

The distinctive hooting call of the dilophosaur drifts across the afternoon air.

LEX
Are they really poison, Mr. Regis?

REGIS
Well, yes, Lex.

RECORDED VOICE
Along with such living reptiles as Gila monsters and rattlesnakes, Dilophosaurus secretes toxin from glands in its mouth. These amazing animals can also spit and blind their prey with venom. Unconsciousness follows within minutes. The dinosaur will then finish the victim off at its leisure—making Dilophosaurus a beautiful but deadly addition to the animals here at Jurassic Park.

The Land Cruiser turns a corner, leaving the river. Tim looks back, hoping for a last glimpse of the dilophosaur.

RECORDED VOICE
Continuing our prehistoric safari, we come next to the herbivores of the ornithischian group. If you look to your right, you'll probably see them now.

TWO TRICERATOPS, stand motionless in the shade of a large tree. The size and gray of an elephant, with the truculent stance of a rhino. The horns above each eye curve five feet into the air, looking almost like inverted elephant tusks.

RECORDED VOICE

Unlike other dinosaurs Triceratops can't see well. They're nearsighted, and they'd charge our car if they were close enough to see it! But relax, folks, we're safe enough here. That fan-shaped crest behind their heads is made of solid bone. These animals weigh about seven tons each. Despite their appearance, they're actually docile, and like to be petted by their handlers.

LEX

Why don't they move? Hey! Dinosaurs! Move!

RECORDED VOICE

These easygoing monsters from a bygone world stand in sharp contrast to what we will see next. The most famous predator in the history of the world: the mighty tyrant lizard, known as Tyrannosaurus rex.

The Land Cruiser rumbles forward.

EXT - TYRANNOSAURUS PADDOCK

A landscape of fields and marsh. The light is fading. A faint ground fog...it's really possible to believe that we have been transported back millions of years.

RICK0016

REGIS

It works, doesn't it? I like to come here sometimes, in the evening, and sit. It's like being back millions of years ago, to a vanished Jurassic world...

MALCOLM

(frowning, disgusted with spiel)

What's that ship?

In the distance, through a gap, a CARGO SHIP at a loading dock. A few lights.

REGIS

That dock'll be screened before the park opens. That's our supply ship. It comes every two weeks to bring food. Some of these animals eat five hundred pounds of plants a day. Food has to be brought in.

GRANT
Where's the T-rex?

REGIS
(pointing)
There.

In dense trees to the left, the branches are shaking—high up! We see a big foot sticking out below, but that's all. The rest of the animal is only moving foliage.

LEX
Why doesn't she come out? I want to see her.

REGIS
She's a little shy.

MALCOLM
Shy? Tyrannosaurus rex is shy?

REGIS
Yes. She generally conceals herself, especially in daylight. We think it's because she has sensitive skin and sunburns easily.

MALCOLM
(starting to laugh)
She has sensitive skin?

GRANT
You're destroying a lot of illusions.

LEX
This is stupid.

REGIS
We can't make a tyrannosaurus rex come out on cue. Maybe we'll get a look at her on the way back.

MALCOLM
(dryly)
Quite disappointing. I had my heart set on it.

They continue. The sky is darker, lower, and menacing. Rolling growl of thunder.

REGIS
(glancing up at the sky)
Looks like rain.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

They listen to the voices of the people in the cars.

HAMMOND
Those people are so negative. They aren't experiencing the wonder of it at all.

ARNOLD
Can't make 'em experience wonder.

HAMMOND
It's Malcolm. He was against us from the start, you know. He's got his theory that complex systems can't be controlled. I don't know what his problem is. Hell, we're just making a zoo. World's full of zoos, and they all work fine. But he's going to prove his theory or die trying. I just hope he doesn't panic Gennaro into trying to shut the park down.

WU
Can he do that?

HAMMOND
No. But he can frighten the investors, or the Costa Rican government. He can make trouble.

ARNOLD
(stubbing out cigarette)
It'll be fine. They'll see the rex on the way back.

HAMMOND
Where are they now?

ARNOLD
It looks like they're stopping to see what Harding is doing with that sick stego.

EXT - STEGO AREA

A STEGOSAURUS stands quietly, not moving. Twenty feet long, with a bulky body and vertical plates along its back. Our people all get out and walk forward. A man, HARDING, walks around from behind the animal. A Jeep with a red stripe is parked alongside it.

TIM

Neat! Neat!

REGIS

That's our vet, Dr. Harding. He's anesthetized the stego. It's sick.

LEX

What's it sick with?

REGIS

We're not sure.

The leathery plates along the stegosaur's spine droop slightly. It breathes laboriously, making a wet sound with each breath. They walk toward the tiny head where Grant and the vet peer into the stegosaur's mouth.

GRANT

Ellie, have a look at this...

The dark purple tongue droops limply from the mouth. The vet shines a light on it. She and Harding talk fast and technical.

ELLIE

Microvesicles. Interesting. Any neurological symptoms?

HARDING

Imbalance, disorientation, dyspnea...Seems to happen about once every six weeks with these animals.

RICK 0016

ELLIE

May I? (taking flashlight) You have pupillary effects from the tranquilizer, or is this part of the toxicity? (shines light in stegosaur's eye)

Bored, Lex pounds her mitt. To Gennaro:

LEX

Wanna play a little pickle?

Gennaro starts to throw with her. Lex backs out into the field, for longer throws.

LEX

Put it there, babe! Right in the old mitt!

Gennaro throws the ball to her. She fires it back so hard that his hand stings.

GENNARO
Take it easy! I don't have a glove!

LEX
Wimp!

Annoyed, he fires the ball at her, and hears it smack! in the leather.

LEX
That's more like it.

Grant, Ellie and Harding talk near the mouth of the stego. Gennaro continues to play catch with Lex as he talks to Malcolm:

GENNARO
How does this sick dinosaur fit into your equations?

MALCOLM
Chaos theory says that you can never predict certain phenomena at all. (beat) If you're going to engineer a bunch of prehistoric animals and set them on an island, fine. A lovely dream. But it won't go as planned. It is inherently unpredictable. No matter how carefully you try to control it —you just can't.

GENNARO
(shaking his head)
You told this to Hammond?

And he throws the ball too far. Lex has to chase it.

LEX
Pay attention!

MALCOLM
Yes. I told this to Hammond. He ignored it. It is amazing how people keep trying to control the uncontrollable.

Across the field, Lex is shouting, holding something white in her hand.

AT THE STEGO SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Grant holds a huge fragment of white EGGSHELL in the fading light. Big as an ostrich egg.

GENNARO
You sure about this, Alan?

GRANT
Absolutely. Notice the ridge patterning on the interior curve. I've dug two eggs with identical patterns at my site in Montana. Trust me: this is a dinosaur egg.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - LATER

HAMMOND
Absurd. It's a bird egg. That's all it can be.

MALCOLM (on radio)
Let's try a little test, shall we? Ask Mr. Arnold for one of his computer tallies.

ARNOLD
Coming right up.

A moment later, the screen prints out a list of animals, totalling 238. As earlier.

INTERCUTTING CONTROL ROOM AND STEGO SITE

ARNOLD
Do you see it down there on your screen?

MALCOLM
We see it. Now. Can you ask the computer to search for a different number of animals? Search for 239 animals.

RICK 0016

ARNOLD
(pressing buttons)
Just a minute.

The screen prints out new totals: **Total Animals 239.** Talk is fast:

HAMMOND
(sitting forward)
What the hell is that?

ARNOLD
It picked up another dinosaur.

HAMMOND
From where?

ARNOLD
I don't know!

MALCOLM (on radio)
Now, can you ask the computer to search for 300 animals?

HAMMOND
(voice rising in alarm)
What is he talking about? Three hundred animals? What's he talking about?

ARNOLD
(typing at keyboard)
Just a minute.

HAMMOND
I don't understand what he's driving at.

ARNOLD
I'm afraid I do.

On the screen, numbers click higher: **Total Animals 244**

HAMMOND
Two hundred forty four? What's going on?

ARNOLD
The computer is counting the animals in the park. All the animals.

RICK 0016

HAMMOND
I thought that's what it always did. (spins around) Nedry! Have you screwed up again?

NEDRY
No. Computer allows the operator to enter an expected number of animals, to make counting faster. It's a design feature you asked for.

ARNOLD
He's right. We just always use the base count of 238 because we assume there can't be more.

Total Animals 262

HAMMOND
But there are more?

ARNOLD
Apparently.

HAMMOND
Wait a minute. These animals can't breed. (to Wu) They can't breed, can they?

WU
No.

Total Animals 283

ARNOLD
Then where are they coming from?

WU
Probably the motion sensors are screwed up.

The screen prints the complete tally: **Total Animals 292**

ARNOLD
According to this, we have 292 animals in the park.

MALCOLM
You see the flaw. You only tracked the expected number of dinosaurs. You wanted to know if you had less than the expected number. But the problem was, you had more than the expected number. And you never knew that.

ARNOLD
We've got breeding dinosaurs out there...

WU
But they're all female. It's impossible.

AT THE STEGO SITE

The sky is growing darker. Thunder rumbles in the distance. Grant and the others lean in the doors of the Jeep, staring at the dashboard screen.

RICK 0016

GRANT
Henry. When you made your dinosaur DNA, did you ever have a fragment or a gap that you had to fill with DNA from another species?

WU
Yes. Occasionally, it was the only way. Such ancient DNA, it's not perfect —

GRANT
—Did you ever fill the gap with amphibian DNA? Frog DNA? Check on that and let me know.

REGIS
Well, this is all very interesting and provocative...

LEX
This is boring...

Thunder rumbles.

REGIS
(checking watch)
But perhaps we should keep to our schedule. It'll be getting dark soon

ELLIE
(to Regis)
I'd like to stay here with the stego for a while...

GENNARO
I have a few questions about this illness, too...

HARDING
I'll bring these folks back, Ed, if you want to go on ahead.

Thunder rumbles again.

REGIS
I'd like them to see the T-rex before the rain starts.

GRANT
I'd like to see the T-rex.

TIM
Yeah!

REGIS
Fine, let's go. (to Harding) See you all back at the camp.

They start walking.

TIM
It's getting dark to see...

REGIS
Have you ever used night vision goggles, Tim? They allow you to see in the dark.

TIM
Neat!

LEX
Hey! I want to use 'em, too. You get to do everything, Timmy!

The kids start to bicker. Grant and Malcolm climb into the second car. A few raindrops spatter the windshield.

REGIS
I'm about ready for a nice banana daiquiri. What do you say, folks? Daiquiri sound good? See you back at park headquarters.

RICK 0016

He goes toward the first car, and climbs aboard. A red light on the dashboard blinks. With a soft electric whirr, the Land Cruisers start off.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Muldoon stands looking out of the big front windows that overlook the park. Quartz floodlights come on all over the island, making it look like a glowing jewel.

ARNOLD
Land Cruisers are on their way home.

HAMMOND
Make sure my private dining room is ready. We'll have dinner as soon as everyone's back.

Arnold picks up the phone and hears hissing modem static.

ARNOLD
What's this? What's going on?

NEDRY
Jesus, hang that up. You'll screw up my data. I'm transmitting.

ARNOLD
You've taken all the phone lines? Even the internal ones?

NEDRY
I've taken the lines that communicate outside. But your internal lines still work.

Arnold punches console buttons. He hears nothing but sizzle on all lines.

ARNOLD
Looks like you've got 'em all.

NEDRY
Sorry about that, I'll clear them for you at the end of the next transmission, in about ten minutes. (yawning) This looks like a long weekend for me. I'm gonna get a Coke. (he picks up his shoulder bag and heads for the door) Don't touch my console, okay?

RICK 0016

He exits.

HAMMOND
What a slob.

ARNOLD
Yeah. But I guess he knows what he's doing.

IN THE LAB HALLWAY

Humming, Nedry walks right past the Coke machine, continues on. In the hallway ahead of him, with a thunk, all the security-card doors pop open a fraction.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Arnold leans forward, astonished.

ARNOLD
What the hell!

His screens are going crazy. His vertical map is going crazy. He stands, looks out the window. In the park beyond, all the lights are going out, one by one.

IN THE LAND CRUISERS

The road ahead is illuminated. Big raindrops spatter the windshield.

GRANT
You know, if the animals are breeding, it
makes you wonder what else is wrong.

The floodlights illuminating the road go out. The Land Cruisers slow, then stop.

LEX
Why did we stop? Hey! I don't want to stop.

REGIS
Probably just a power outage or something.
I'm sure it'll be back on in a minute.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Muldoon steps close to Arnold, looks at the screens. Very tense.

MULDOON
What happened? You lose power?

ARNOLD
(punching buttons on console)
Yeah, but only power on the perimeter...and
the security systems are off...This whole
building's wide open.

RICK 0016

MULDOON
What about the Land Cruisers?

ARNOLD
They're stopped somewhere around mile
nineteen.

MULDOON
Well, call maintenance and let's get the power
back on.

Arnold picks up the phone, hears hissint static.

ARNOLD
No phones. Damn! Nedry! Where the hell is Nedry?

OUTSIDE FERTILIZATION LAB

Sign by the card slot flashes "SECURITY POWER OFF". Humming gleefully, Nedry pushes the door open, goes through.

IN THE FERTILIZATION LAB

The lab is deserted; Nedry pulls on a pair of heavy insulated gloves,walks to a freezer with the same flashing security sign.

INT - WALK-IN FREEZER

Shelves from floor to ceiling. Most contain reagents and liquids in plastic sacs. A smaller nitrogen cold box with a ceramic door. Nedry opens the box, and a rack of small tubes slid out, in a cloud of white liquid-nitrogen smoke. Embryos arranged by species: Stegosaurus, Apatosaurus, Tyrannosaurus. Each embryo in a glass container, wrapped in foil. Nedry takes two of each, slipping them into the base of the shaving can, divided into cylindrical sections.

He screws the base of the shaving can shut and twists the top. A hiss of gas, and the can frosts in his hands.

IN THE BASEMENT

We see two dozen Land Cruisers, in neat rows: the electric cars. In the corner are Jeeps with a red stripe: gasoline powered vehicles which can go anywhere in the park, even among the animals. Nedry climbs directly into one Jeep, turns the ignition key and drives out, into the night.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

ARNOLD
Damn it! I can't see anything out there. I can't tell what's happening.

The vertical map shows the red lines of electrical fences flashing, flickering. Going out!

MULDOON
What's wrong with the fences?

ARNOLD
All my security systems are off—including the electrical fences all over the island. I don't get it! Why should the fences be turned off?

OUTSIDE - IN THE PARK

The sign says ELECTRIFIED FENCE 10,000 VOLTS DO NOT TOUCH, but Nedry opens it with his bare hand. He goes back to the Jeep, drives through the gate, down a road.

NEDRY DRIVING

Hunched forward over the steering wheel,driving fast. Cutting across the park.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

MULDOON
But if the fences are off, then the animals can get out now.

ARNOLD
Yes. They can.

ON THE MAIN ROAD

Rain is starting to come down harder. Spattering hard on the windows. Malcolm looks at his watch.

RICK 0016

GRANT
I wonder what the problem is.

MALCOLM
(stares out window)
What's that?

Out the window, a solitary pair of headlights moving through the landscape.

GRANT
Looks like a car...Going toward that ship...But I can't really see...

IN THE NEXT CAR

Tim wears night vision goggles, adjusting the knob at his ear. Zoom magnification!

TIM'S POV - NIGHT VISION GOGGLES

There is a brief phosphorescent flare, and then in shades of electronic green and black, we see the Jeep driving.

TIM
I can. The car's at the dock... It's Mr. Nedry!
He's giving something to the captain...

GRANT
Nedry...

TIM
Looks like a cooler or...they're putting something into a white container with gas gauges...

REGIS
Embryos...They're stealing embryos!

Grant looks out. It is so dark, the supply ship is almost a silhouette; as he watches, the ship's running lights come on, glowing in the purple twilight.

TIM
Now Nedry's heading back.

REGIS
That boat's going to the mainland.

MALCOLM
(shrugging)
So? Call the control room and tell them to recall the boat.

Ed Regis reaches in and grabs the radio from the dashboard. They hear~~s~~ hissing static, and clicks as he rapidly change~~d~~s channels.

REGIS
It isn't working. All the communications with the control room are out.

MALCOLM
(unsurprised)
Fancy that.

GRANT
(frowning)
How long does it take the ship to reach the mainland?

REGIS
Eighteen hours, give or take. It arrives about noon tomorrow.

GRANT
Plenty of time for us to get back, stop 'em.

REGIS
I don't want to see those embryos in the wrong hands.

MALCOLM
No, not if they can breed...

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

MULDOON
(entering)
The systems back on?

ARNOLD
No, not yet.

MULDOON
What about the people in those Land Cruisers? Are they okay?

ARNOLD
I don't know. The computer's locked up all the radios, and all the telephones. I have no communications at all.

MULDOON
I better go out there. (looks at watch) It'll take me at least fifteen minutes. Just get the fences back on!

ON THE MAIN ROAD

Tim turns to look at the foliage at the side of the road. His electronic POV is bright-green foliage and sections of the grid pattern of the fence.

RICK 0016

IN GRANT'S CAR

Rain pounds the roof. Sheets of water stream down over the windows. It is hard to see out.

IN TIM'S CAR

LEX
I'm hungry.

REGIS
I know, Lex, but we're stuck here until they fix
the electricity.

There is a sudden white crack of lightning, and thunder crashes, loud and close. Tim scans the side of the road. The rain is coming down hard now, hammering the leaves, making everything move.

There is something beyond the leaves....He continues to look higher, sweeping the goggles upward—

The huge head of the Tyrannosaurus rex. Standing there, looking over the fence at the Land Cruiser. As lightning flashes again, the big animal rolls her head on her neck, and bellows in the glaring light. Then darkness, and the pounding rain.

TIM
It's him!

REGIS
Fantastic. I'm glad we finally got to see him...

They watch the tyrannosaur. The animal looks from one vehicle to another, the eyes glowing bright green. Tim looks down the animal's body, from the massive head, rain dripping from the jaws...the forelimbs...grip the fence!

REGIS
He's touching the fence...The electric fences
are out...

TIM
What do we do?

The tyrannosaur roars, a terrifying scream from some other world.

REGIS
Oh my God...

Abruptly, he flees out through the side door, ducking his head in the rain. Regis runs in the opposite direction from the tyrannosaur, disappearing into the woods. The door to the Land Cruiser hangs open; the paneling is getting wet.

LEX
Hey! He left! He left us alone!

The tyrannosaur as lightning flashes again, momentarily silhouetted against the white flaring sky.

TIM
Shut the door, Lex!

GRANT (on radio)
Tim, what's going on? Tim?

LEX
He left us, he left us!

Tim leans forward and yanks the handle from the back seat, closing the door

TIM
Regis ran away.

GRANT (on radio)
He what?

TIM
He ran away. He saw that the fence isn't electrified.

MALCOLM (on radio)
The fence isn't electrified? Is that what he said, the fence isn't electrified?

RICK 0016

At that moment, the fence bends and crashes down.

LEX
Timmy!

TIM
Lock the doors. Get away from the windows.
And shut up.

Outside, the tyrannosaur moves forward, between the cars. He rolls his head and takes an awkward step forward. Lex becomes silent, still. She watches with wide eyes. Radio crackle.

GRANT (on radio)
I can't see anything. Did — see the fence?

MALCOLM (on radio)
Something about — power to the — I think.

Lex never takes her eyes off the dinosaur. In the glare of lightning, it roars, bounds forward. The huge body blocks seeing Grant's car. We see the head through the plastic sunroof. Rain runs in rivulets down the pebbled skin of the muscular legs as the animal walks around the car. The huge head looks in, swings in an arc, jaws open, and then stops by the side windows. The beady, expressionless reptile eye moves in the socket. The Tyrannosaur suddenly snaps his head, banging down on the hood. Lifting the rear of the car in the air.

Tim turns toward Dr. Grant when another jolting impact shatters the windshield in a spiderweb as the tyrannosaur's head crashes against the Land Cruiser. Tim is knocked flat on the seat. Glass falls around him. The night-vision goggles slide off his forehead. He gets back up quickly, wiping blood from his mouth.

TIM
(whispering)
Lex!

LEX (over)
Ow! You're standing on my hand!

The tyrannosaur moves toward the rear of the car. The big tail blocks his view out of the side windows. At the back, the big animal sinks its jaws into the spare tire on the back in a head shake, tears it away. The whole rear of the car is lifted into the air for a moment; then it thumps down again, with a muddy splash.

The rex is looking in through the windshield. Looking down at them. It scratches itself under the chin, and then, still scratching, rubs its leg against the car, which rocks back and forth , creaking loudly, with each movement.

The big tail pivots, and the rex dumps on the hood of the car.

RICK 0016

GRANT (on radio)
Tim! Tim, are you there?

TIM
We're okay..so far.

The rex looks in the sunroof, and suddenly smashes the plastic down on the kids. The bubble falls over the kids, protecting them. The rex lowers his whole head into the car! His breath snorts on the plastic. His tongue slaps on the plastic! He keeps ducking his head in—he's trying to get his teeth around the bubble, to pull it free.

Frustrated, he begins to butt the car, ramming it from the side. The car rocks—goes over! Mud oozing in the windows. Tim and Lex scrambling as the big head comes in for them—chomps upholstery instead! Then the rex gets his teeth around the side post, and lifts the whole car into the air!

Grant leans out the window, sees it.

GRANT
Oh my God...

The rex has lifted the car, trying to get the kids to slide toward his mouth, like oysters on the half-shell...they struggle to hang on...then Lex slides out...

LEX
Timmy!

She falls out of the car....landing near rex's foot. She jumps away from it...

Back in the car, Tim is being tilted high, loud metal rending, and in the next instant everything swings crazily outside the window—the trunks of the palm trees moving sideways through the air—

And then with a metallic scraping shriek, the car is released, and the tyrannosaur roars.

IN GRANT'S CAR

Rain pounding the windshield. Grant blinks his eyes as the lightning fades. He peers forward, trying to see through the rain-streaked windshield.

MALCOLM
(squinting)
What happened to the car?

GRANT
I can't see.

Through the rainy windshield, they see the dinosaur coming toward them. Slow, ominous strides.

RICK 0016

MALCOLM
You know, at times one can't help feeling that
extinct animals should stay extinct.

GRANT
I know just what you mean.

MALCOLM
Well. It's been a pleasure.

Malcolm twists the door handle, kicks open the door, and runs. But tyrannosaur is too close. There is another crack of lightning, and in that instant of glaring white light, Grant watches in horror as Malcolm runs into the rainy night. The tyrannosaur sees him, and roars, and leaps forward.

Malcolm is running forward, his feet splashing in the mud. He falls, rolls. The tyrannosaur ducks its massive head, and Malcolm is tossed into the air like a small doll.

Grant is out of the car, too. The tyrannosaur has turned its back to him, the massive tail swinging through the air, Grant dodges it, turns to run for the woods when suddenly the tyrannosaur spins back, and roars.

Grant freezes. Standing beside the passenger door of the Land Cruiser, completely exposed. The big animal stares down at him. It roars again, at so close a range terrifyingly loud. Grant is literally shaking with cold and fright. His hands tremble; he presses against the metal of the door.

The tyrannosaur roars again, but it does not attack. It moves around the car, as if trying to get a view—then whips its head very close to Grant, the black flaring nostrils just inches from his face, the powerful jaws open and close. The tyrannosaur bellows, angrily. But does nothing.

Grant clenches his hands, but he understands...don't move!

Then the big hind leg comes up and crashed down on the roof of the car; the claws slide off with a metal screech, barely missing Grant as he stands there. The foot comes down, blows the tire! The rex is startled, pulls back—and kicks again!

The Land Cruiser tumbles over, and Grant falls backward, down a hill.

The rex roars triumphant, in a flare of lightning.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Arnold sits forward, his body rigid and tense, wipes his brown. Gennaro and Ellie come into the room.

GENNARO
You mean Grant and the others are stranded
out there? The kids too?

ARNOLD
Yes, and Muldoon's on his way out to get them
now. But the computer's screwed up. Nedry's
done something to the code. We need Nedry.

12

NEDRY DRIVING BACK

Hunched forward over the steering wheel, peering through the rain-slashed windshield. He is driving fast—too fast—but he has to keep to his timetable. He glances at his watch.

Suddenly, abruptly the road ends—too abruptly. He slams on his brakes...

THE END OF THE ROAD (EMBANKMENT)

The front wheels go over the lip of a concrete embankment, with water pouring over the sides. Nedry climbs out, goes to the front of the car to look at how bad it is. He can see in the glare of his headlights, it's pretty bad. He's stuck.

He bends over the winch in front of the car, thinking maybe he can winch the car back, when he hears a hooting sound. Not far away. Like an owl.

Nedry is drenched and miserable in the glow of the car's headlights. He hears the soft hooting cry once more, and this time it's closer. It doesn't really sound like an owl. He hears a crashing sound in the underbrush, turns and sees a Dilophosaur. Right there, at the bottom of the embankment, maybe 20 feet away. Nedry pauses. The animal keeps its distance. Nedry begins to back slowly away...

The dilo jaws begin an odd puffing movement. Nedry backs away... Suddenly, the hood flares out at dilo's the neck. Something thick and globby smacks the headlight next to Nedry, and sizzles on the lamp. He pauses, confused.

The animal hood is flared, and the jaws work, the neck snaps—and it spits. Nedry is smacked on the shoulder by a dark foamy gob...he touches it curiously, not comprehending...then he gets it.

NEDRY
(disgusted)
Jeez...spit...

Backing away, he looks back at the dinosaur and sees the head snap again, and immediately another wet smack against his neck, just above the shirt collar. He wipes it away with his hand, and opens the car door, and gives a final glance back at the dinosaur to make sure it isn't going to attack...

And gets it right in the eyes! A scream of pain—slippery foam trickling down both sides of his nose! Disgusting! Nedry is blind...

The dilo jumps forward, toward the Jeep.

Blinded, Nedry turns away, crawling into the Jeep, groping his way, feeling the steering wheel...and suddenly something begins to pull him backward....out of the car...and he moans in the horror of it...And is pulled out of the shot, his fingernails clawing at the fabric of the seat...

INT - HAMMOND'S BUNGALOW

Decorated in 1920's safari-lodge style, with dead animal heads. Lots of electronics. Big windows with views over the park. The table is set for all the dinner guests who haven't returned yet. Lightning flashes, and there is the sharp crack of thunder.

HAMMOND
You know, I can't help but have some fears about this park, Henry.

WU
I think there is reason for concern...

HAMMOND
(not listening)
You know, this park is really made for children. The children of the world love dinosaurs, and the children are going to delight—just delight—in this place. Their little faces will shine with the joy of seeing these wonderful animals. But I am afraid...I may not live to see it, Henry. I may not live to see the joy on their faces.

WU
I think there may be some other problems with the park, too, Mr. Hammond. Gennaro may try and stop it.

HAMMOND
Well, he can't do that. (irritably) Face the facts, Henry. This is my damn island. I own it. And nothing is going to stop me from opening Jurassic Park to all the children of the world. (chuckling) Or, at least, to the rich ones.

RICK 0016

GENNARO (entering)
Mr. Hammond? It looks like we have a problem. You better come over to the control room.

TIM'S LAND CRUISER - NIGHT

Tim lies against the passenger door. He rolls over, coughs, vomits. He gets up slowly, groggy. We follow him to see tree branches out the windshield behind him. The branches are moving—in fact, the whole car is moving. We see nothing but tree branches.

Tim looks down. Past his feet, as he stands on the glass of the side window, straight down to branches, and ground far below. Tim gasps in horror. Looks up again.

He peers out the window. He is lodged in a tree, very high up. Swaying precariously. Tim drops back down to his knees, in shock. He wipes his forehead, the leaves rustling and moving all around him. The branches are creaking...and with a lurch and a crack, the nose of the land cruiser drops down, tilting the interior crazily.

Tim's eyes wide with fright. He's got to get out. He braces himself, scrambles up, tries to open the passenger door. The handle is bent and jammed. He can't open it. Tim looks at the driver's door, which is above him, but he can't open it, either. He starts to climb over the seat into the back seat. The Land Cruiser lurches again, as if he is on a see-saw, tilting among the branches... and then rests, again.

Inside, Tim has fallen back on his rear, pressed against the glass, and now he comes forward to try the rear door. It's stuck, too. He keeps trying, then suddenly sees the problem: it's locked.

TIM

Jeez...

He shakes his head, feeling stupid, unlocks it, twists the door handle—and the door opens outward, spilling him unexpectedly down and he falls through as if sliding on a chute.

Beneath the car, Tim hangs by one hand on the door handle...the ground far below. The door swings like a hinge, he flails with his other hand, grabs a branch, and releases the car door. The car rises gently as his weight releases. It is bouncing on the branch, rising and falling Branches creak

Tim climbs down fast, going down the branches quickly. Above him, the car hangs...the car slowly upends...The grill nosing over like a metal mouth... Tremendously noisy in the branches. Above him, the car is now pointing down—and then it starts to fall. Really fall. Tim looks up, sees he will never make it by climbing, and so he just lets go. And falls.

Rick 0016

The land cruiser crashes down, bouncing and banging. Tim falls, banging from limb to limb, with the Land Cruiser rushing toward him. On the ground below, Tim lands hard, looks up, immediately starts to roll and looks up to see the Land Cruiser smashing right down at him. Tim rolls, and the Land Cruiser crashes to the ground, spitting showers of sparks, making the darkness flare hot, and then it's dark again.

Tim, huddled against the tree, wincing and brushing the sparks off. The smoking hulk of the car. Tim breathless and bruised, but alive. Breathing hard, gasping, leaning back against the trunk of the tree and suddenly A SNOUT ENTERS FRAME and pokes him! Tim yells and jumps away in panic.

The stegosaurus is almost as frightened as Tim. It backs away. Tim whacks the animal on the snout.

TIM
Get out of here! Get away from me!

He throws a rock. The animal grunts, and turns slowly around, and shuffles off in the direction it has come.

BACK ON THE MAIN ROAD

As Tim crosses the battered fence to stand in the road alone, and suddenly is panicked at his isolation. He's all alone out here! The tyrannosaur roars, somewhere in the forest.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Featuring the board, illuminated.

ARNOLD
We still have no radio contact... (pointing to board) I'm getting some unknowns wandering around—the people may have gotten out of the Land Cruisers.

WU
That's crazy.

ARNOLD
I know. And the rex is still hanging around the area....

WU
Where is Muldoon? Why isn't he there yet?

EXT - SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD

Muldoon is stopped by a tree fallen across the road. Yellow in his headlights.

MULDOON
(into radio)
Arnold, over. Arnold? Hell.

He puts the car in gear, turns it around, drives away.

BACK TO THE MAIN ROAD

Lex is curled inside a one-meter drainage pipe that runs under the road. She has her baseball glove in her mouth and she is rocking back and forth, banging her head repeatedly against the back of the pipe. It is dark in there, but she seems unhurt, and he is relieved to find her.

TIM
Lex, it's me. Tim. Come on out.

She shakes her head no. He can see she is badly frightened. She resumes banging her head against the pipe.

Tim sits down in the wet ground outside the pipe, where she can see him. He hugs his knees and waits.

LEX
Are there any grownups out there?

TIM
No. But they're probably on their way right now.

Then he hears her moving inside the pipe, and she comes out. Shivering with cold, and with dried blood in her scalp and on her forehead, but otherwise all right.

LEX
(looking around in surprise)
Where's Dr. Grant? He was here before.

TIM
He was? When?

LEX
(shouting)
Hellooo. Hell-oooo! Dr. Grant? Dr. Grant!

Tim is uneasy at the noise she is making—until he hears an answering shout. Dr. Grant is walking toward them! A big tear in his shirt at the shoulder.

RICK 0016

GRANT
Thank God. I was just looking for you.

LEX
Dr. Grant!

She moves toward him, stops: Grant has a deep claw abrasion down his chest.

GRANT
I'm okay. We've got to get back and tell them about the ship.

TIM
We're the only ones who know?

GRANT
Yes. The only ones alive, for sure.

VOICE (O.S)
Not the only ones.

They look: Regis, emerging from the woods, brushing himself off.

LEX
(disgusted)
Him.

Regis starts forward, then abruptly ducks back. Grant and kids look at each other.

NEARBY - REGIS IN DENSE FOREST

Pressed back against the trunk of a tree, hearing the snorting. The Tyrannosaur is somewhere nearby. As he watches, the huge body walks right by him! And doesn't stop! Looking up, he sees the rex's head is hidden from view by the lower branches of the tree. He literally doesn't see the ground here!

But one of his enormous toe claws snags Regis's trousers, pinning him to the mud. Regis tries to pull his foot free. Gently at first, then harder....Harder...

The head swings down, suddenly, fast. Regis is confronted by the face. He screams! He turns and tears his trousers free, runs—toward the other people.

The rex grabs him in his jaws, and lifts him above the limbs of the tree. We don't see what happens. Body parts seem to fall, but it's hard to tell in darkness.

RICK 2016

GRANT AND THE KIDS

GRANT
Come on, kids.

They need no encouragement. They turn to run. The rex looks up, sees them....

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

HAMMOND
Oh, everything's going to be all right.

ARNOLD
I hope so...

HAMMOND
Just restore the systems and I'm sure
everything will be fine.

GENNARO
I'm not sure. Look, your own grandchildren are missing out there, and—

HAMMOND
— I know they're missing! I'm not a fool! (sighs, changes tone) Look, Donald. Let's not get carried away. We've had a little breakdown from the storm or whatever, and we're dealing with it. Arnold will get the computers cleaned up. Muldoon will pick up the kids, and I have no doubt they'll be back with us in the next hour or so. Everything is going to be fine! This park is made for kids!

SOMEWHERE IN THE PARK

Grant and the kids running like hell while the rex pursues them, snapping its jaws. In the moonlight, they are dodging and moving among trees, but the rex is surprisingly agile. They won't be able to keep this up for long...the rex is gaining...Grant looking for a place to hide.

As they run, he grabs them, pulling them around the side of a big tree with gnarled roots. The rex chases past, feet throwing up huge splashes of mud, dousing them. The rex continues on, then stops, snorts—he's not stupid. He knows he's lost them.

GRANT
(whispering)
This way...

RICK [illegible]

They sneak away, tip-toes...Then run. They stop—they see a fence, high and impenetrable.

EXT - THE PARK - THE MAIN ROAD SITE

Muldoon looks at the two destroyed land cruisers. He hears a groan, and runs forward to camera, flashlight swinging. He pushes aside the fronds of a palm. He sees Malcolm, ashen, groaning, but alive. Flashlight down to legs, and see that one is broken.

Muldoon gets him in a shoulder carry, which makes Malcolm moan. Carries him back toward the Jeep. In the distance, we hear the roar of the rex.

BACK TO THE FENCE

Grant and the kids are picking their way over the barbed wire of a high fence, then going down on the other side...with a moat below them...they hear the rex roaring...

THE REX

The rex rears his head, and bellows. He races forward...

THE FENCE AND MOAT

As the rex charges it, from the other side. He knocks the fence flat! Grant and the kids fall helplessly into the moat—and the fence lands on top, bridging the gap! The rex stands on the fence, his weight bending it down. He snaps at them, bellows. Claws poke through. Terrifying to have the big animal so close.

They struggle through waist-deep water to get away. The Rex chases after them, staying above.

Then, the Rex hears the rumble of a car starting up. He looks over and sees headlamps on a road, intermittently visible through the trees. He snorts, and runs toward it.

Down in the moat, our people see the fence spring back.

TIM
Where'd he go?

GRANT
Come on!

RICK 0016

Grant finally finds a place where the concrete has cracked and a vine grew down toward the water. He tugs on the vine, and it holds his weight.

GRANT
Let's go, kids.

They start to climb the vine, out of the moat.

BY THE MAIN ROAD

As the jeep drives along, very fast with forest on both sides, and it passes going very fast, and the rex comes out, bellows, and sees it leave.

BACK TO GRANT AND THE KIDS

Walking along a field, beyond the moat. Grant is carrying Lex, who snuggles against his shoulder.

LEX
I'm tired....Is he coming back?

GRANT
I hope not.

LEX
I hate him....

She is almost immediately asleep. They cross a field, not far from the lagoon. In the distance many dinosaurs browse. In the moonlight, with racing clouds from the passing storm, it is a magical moment.

They pass a motion sensor. Grant waves at it. The sensor blinks. Grant does it again.

TIM
Why aren't they finding us?

BACK TO THE CONTROL ROOM

On the vertical map, three yellow blips, close together. But nobody sees it. Arnold and the others are looking only at the screens, where complex lines of code blur as they scroll past.

The scrolling stops: dense code, an arrow pointing to one line.

WU
That's it.

GENNARO
That's what?

RICK 0016

ARNOLD
(shaking head)
What Nedry did to the code. He put in a trap door, a command that links the security and fences and allows him to turn them off. Gives him completely free access to every place in the park....

WU
Free access? Why would he want that?

ARNOLD
You better count your embryos. See how many are missing.

GENNARO
If you've found the trap door, then you'll be able to turn everything back on.

ARNOLD
(frowning at screen, uncertain)
Yeah. In theory We'll see.

ELLIE
What about Grant and the kids?

They all turn to look at the map. The yellow dots are gone.

ARNOLD
Nothing so far. (sympathetic) You worried about him?

ELLIE
(reassuring herself)
He's spent most of his life outdoors, and he's pretty tough....And, what better person to be out in this park than a dinosaur expert? He'll know what to do.

BACK IN THE PARK - GRANT AND THE KIDS

Grant's eyes popping out of his head. His jaw drops open, as he stares incomprehendingly at—

A WALL OF DINOSAURS STAMPEDES TOWARD HIM

A mass of thundering flesh, braying and honking, throwing up a gigantic dust cloud in the moonlight The ground shakes like an earthquake as five hundred tons rush forward. Grant and the kids run laterally, Grant carrying the sleepy Lex underarm.

RICK 0016

LEX
Hey!

TIM
Where?

GRANT
There!

They run toward a solitary tree, some distance away. They're not going to make it. The herd bears down on them. They stop to face it...Tim squeezes his eyes shut...

Like a flight of birds changing direction, the herd wheels away to the left! Now we see the rex nipping at their heels—the reason for the stampede. Along with the running animals are small ones, which chase back and forth among the legs of the adults. One is a BABY TRICERATOPS, squeaking like a pig.

Grant and the kids take advantage of their momentary escape to run parallel to the thundering animals, toward the tree. They scramble over a rocky outcrop of boulders, and then up the tree. The dinosaurs wheel again and come back, circling the tree, battering the branches with their enormous bodies, impeding Grant and the kids as they try and climb.

Finally they are high among the branches; the herd thunders off back toward the lagoon...the night is peaceful again...Lex curls up in Grant's arms, in the tree.

LEX
This isn't much of a vacation.

GRANT
Just try and rest.

Tim is in a tree above. Grant glances up at him. Tim waves, sits back. Grant looks back at Lex. She is snoring. Grant raises his arm to look at his watch, but it is too dark to see.

EXT - VISITOR'S LODGE - NIGHT

Shining and beautiful, inviting.

INT - LODGE

Gennaro enters Malcolm's room. Malcolm is in the bed.

GENNARO
How is he?

HARDING
Surprisingly good. He's on fairly high doses
of morphine.

RICK 0016

MALCOLM
Not high enough, I can tell you. Morphine is a
great drug.

GENNARO
You're lucky to have survived.

MALCOLM
Yes, but to tell you the truth, the rex struck me
as rather clumsy attacking anything smaller
than an apartment building. Let me know
when they get back...

GENNARO
I will.

He sighs, and closes his eyes. Harding walks out into the hallway with Gennaro.

HARDING
Don't be fooled. That's a septic compound fracture. The leg must be amputated. When will the helicopter get here?

GENNARO
Helicopter? They can't even get the phones turned on.

HARDING
We need a helicopter, to get him off this island. Otherwise he'll die.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Gennaro comes into the control room as Arnold still works.

MULDOON
What about the phones?

ARNOLD
Phones are still out. Working on it.

GENNARO
You've been working on it for hours.

RICK 0016

ARNOLD
Look. I can always shut the computer down and clear memory, and get the phones back. But I don't want to shut down the systems until I locate the rex and immobilize him. We've got people out there.

GENNARO
How long does it have to be shut down? To clear memory?

ARNOLD
Maybe 30 seconds.

GENNARO
I don't get it. What's the big deal? Shut it down!

There is an awkward silence. Nobody will look him in the eye. Finally:

ARNOLD
We've never done it.

GENNARO
What do you mean?

ARNOLD
We've never had to shut the computer down. I assume it would come back on okay if we did shut it down, but...the computer controls everything...

GENNARO
(realizing)
Oh my God.

ARNOLD
Well, if we had a computer expert here to walk us through it...

GENNARO
You're afraid of what will happen.

ARNOLD
I'm just not sure.

GENNARO
Jesus.

ARNOLD
You want to take the responsibility, Mr. Gennaro?

Arnold flips up a sequence of five covered buttons.

ARNOLD (cont'd)
There you go. Thirty seconds off, and then just turn 'em back on. What do you say, Mr. Gennaro?

Gennaro hesitates, looks. Hesitates. Wipes his lip.

GENNARO
I think it's prudent to wait.

RICK 0016

ARNOLD

So do I. (beat) And now if you'll excuse me
I've got a long night ahead of me.

EXT - THE TREE - DAWN

Grant opens his eyes and sees an enormous beige head of a duckbill dinosaur, its eyes gentle and soft like a cow. The duckbill chews branches on the limb where Grant is sitting. The lips touch his ankle again as the animal chews.

He is astonished to see it close. Not afraid; this animal acts exactly like a cow. Grant stays where he is on the branch, careful not to move, and watches as it eats.

He is nudged from behind, by the snout of another duckbill, and turns to see a whole herd feeding around this tree. Six animals, and at their feet, chirping baby hadrosaurs, scampering around the feet of the adults. The adults bend low to the ground and wait, unmoving, while the baby stands up on its hind legs, resting its front legs on the mother's jaw, and eats the branches that protrude from the side of the mother's mouth. Grant glances up. Tim is watching from a higher branch—he's actually feeding the animals with leaves! They speak softly:

TIM

Pretty neat, huh? (hands him a branch) They
like the blossoms.

Grant feeds, then:

GRANT

Where's Lex?

TIM

Over there.

RICK 0016

On the ground, Lex is feeding a baby triceratops as if it were a pony. She pulls up grass, and gives it to it, and pets it...and then she is up on it, and riding around, giggling, and the baby tosses its head and starts to trot, running away with her.

GRANT

Oh boy.

The hadrosaur continues to eat, just a few feet from him. Grant starts down: the hadrosaur trumpets in alarm, and all the animals pull back. Grant goes down fast.

Tim starts down after him. He feeds as he goes.

TIM

Take it easy...take it easy...

The babie chirp and scurry beneath the mothers' legs as the hadrosaurs steps away from the tree. The herd honks, as if annoyed with Grant. But he is after Lex. The baby triceratops does an 180 and trots back toward him. As they pass:

GRANT
Lex...

LEX
His name is Ralph. He's fun!

GRANT
Listen, Lex...

LEX
I'm going to take him home with me!

She rides him over a low hill, toward the lagoon, and is out of sight. Grant's concerned—especially when he hears a loud trumpeting. He crests the hill—and Lex, covered in dust, collides with him. Farther ahead, the baby triceratops is reunited with his very large mother.

LEX
Jeez. I didn't mean anything.

Tim comes up. Grant looks at his watch.

GRANT
We better get going, kids. We've got a long walk home.

LEX
Why? Why can't we take the raft?

GRANT
What raft?

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - DAWN

The room looks empty. Screens active—the board shows Grant and the kids, but nobody here to see it. Then we see Arnold and Wu beneath the counters, on their hands and knees, with the wiring.

ARNOLD
I just don't find any problem..

WU
We've got to get those phones back.

They continue their search.

THE LAGOON SERVICE ROAD

A road running down to the lagoon, where there is a dock and a shed. Stencilled on the shed is RAFT STORAGE.

GRANT
Good work, Lex.

Lex beams.

Grant leads them down the road . As they walk, they hear a rhythmic snorting sound. It becomes louder as they go. Lex looks concerned...

They come around a slight curve and see the tyrannosaur, very close at the side of the road, sitting up against a tree, staring toward them. Grant grabs the kids and ducks behind a broad tree.

After a moment, Grant cautiously looks around the tree...sees the rex right there...eyes open...bloody jaws, buzzing cloud of flies...but the big head doesn't move...is it dead?...Grant frowns, looking...and suddenly the rex swipes at the flies with its forelimb!

Grant ducks back. He plots his next move—to get across the road, and on to the shed. He crosses the road, directly in view of the rex, which sleeps on. The kids follow him. Now they all sneak forward, directly toward the rex in the road, and they are alongside him, exposed to view, when he snorts and scratches scratches the back of its ear! Like a dog! scratch-scratch-scratch!... this familiar domestic sound...the rex shifts his tail...and reveals the dock, just ahead.

They start forward when the tail comes back, lazily lifting in the air, and slaps down between Grant and Lex. Lex is isolated in the curve of the tail...Grant reaches in and plucks her out! They fall back, landing near the jaws of the dead hadrosaur!

Lex gasps, and Grant claps his hand over her mouth. He gestures for her to be quiet. They now know why the rex is sleeping—it's just killed and eaten.

They get to their feet, go on to the shed. The rex still sleeps.

THE SHED AND LAGOON

At the dock, he unlatches the shed door, looks inside. A half-dozen orange life vests, rolls of mesh, and two big rubber cubes.

Grant hands vests to the kids, then, soaked with sweat from tension, carries one of the cubes out onto the dock. He sets it down on the dock...with a loud hiss, the rubber expands, then snaps open violently with a loud hiss-whap!

Everybody turns to look at the rex. The tyrannosaur snorts, rouses himself, sits forward...and then settles back against the tree, and gives a long growling belch.

Buckling her life vest, Lex looks disgusted, waves her hand in front of her face.

At the end of the dock, Grant gestures for the kids to come. The dinosaur still sleeps as the kids come out in their life preservers, and Grant gestures for them to get into the boat. They all get in, and he starts to push off...

LEX
(whispering)
Wait!

GRANT
(whispering)
What is it?

LEX
(whispering)
My glove! My Kirk Gibson Special!

Her glove is back on the dock, where she set it down when putting on her vest.

GRANT
Lex, never mind about your—

LEX
(fiercely)
My *glove*!

And she is already scrambling out of the raft, and in doing so she pushes it off, shoving them out into the lagoon. Grant has to grab for the end of the dock; watches as little Lex runs back to the shed to get her glove.

TIM
(explaining)
It was a present from my father.

Back at the shed, Lex gets her glove, then turns to check on the rex—which still sleeps—and watching it, she backs away from it...and crashes, falling into some empty drums! which clatter to the concrete shed floor!

The rex awakens. *Really* awakens. He licks his lips, he gets to his feet, and he stands, and turns toward the dock.

At the end of the dock, Tim and Grant duck down. They're barely hidden by the dock itself.

Within the shed, Lex is horrified as the rex comes several steps toward her. Then it yawns, sinks down again lazily, lying its huge body against the side of the shed. And blocking the door.

Grant and Tim look toward the shed. They see her, inching the door open slowly—it creaks a little—and she only needs a little more to get out past the sleeping rex's head...when the rex butts the door with his head! He slams the door shut!

Grant and Tim look. The door is now blocked. Silence...then a hollow scraping sound...something being moves inside the shed...They exchange glances. Then Lex appears at the window. She's climbing out! She has the glove between her teeth like a pirate with a knife.

She drops to the ground and races down the dock, away from the sleeping head. She jumps into the boat, leaping athletically. Grant immediately begins to paddle. She's grinning, gasping for breath. Tim hugs her happily. Exploding with tension, she shouts at the top of her lungs:

LEX
Nya na na naaa nah!

GRANT
Lex, what are you doing?

LEX
Fooled you! Stupid dinosaur! Nya na na naa nah!

TIM
Lex, shut up!

RICK 0016

The dinosaur snaps awake. His head comes up, he sees everything. The raft is pulling farther away from the dock.

LEX
What's the matter? He can't swim.

Grant rows hard, moving powerfully into the lagoon. On shore, the tyrannosaur stumbles to its feet.

TIM
Of course he can swim!

The tyrannosaur races down the dock and plunges into the water, making a splash like an explosion. It moves strongly into the lagoon after them.

LEX
Well, how should I know?

TIM
Everybody knows tyrannosaurs can swim! All reptiles can swim!

LEX
Oh yeah? Snakes can't.

TIM
Of course snakes can. You idiot!

GRANT
Settle down!

The tyrannosaur is now chest deep in water, walking, head high, but soon it is swimming...it looks like the biggest crocodile in the world! Coming toward them!

LEX
(rueful)
Oh, boy...

Grant paddles furiously, toward a swampy bayou area at the edge of the lagoon, offering more protection, tree stumps rising from the water...the raft gets there...

THE SWAMPY BAYOU AREA

And then the rex submerges! Gurgling bubbles...Gone!

LEX
Is he drowned?

Grant sees the trail of bubbles—coming toward the boat—

RICK 0016

GRANT
No...Hang on! Hang on!

The head bucks up beneath the rubber, lifting the raft into the air, bouncing Grant and the kids, and Grant is thrown up against a heavy limb and knocked unconscious! He falls flat on his face back on the raft!

LEX
Dr. Grant!

Lex rushes to him and the rex surfaces roaring beside the boat, jaws gaping , and the teeth slash down but the wave rolls the raft away. By now the bayou trees present intervening obstructions. It's shallow, the rex is only waist-deep, moving from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, trying to pursue the raft, but they are drifting away...And the kids are terrified, alone in this mysterious primordial swamp...

LEX
Dr. Grant...please wake up...Dr. Grant...I'm
really sorry...

The raft drifts out of our sight, in the dense swamp.

ELSEWHERE IN THE PARK - DAY

A BINOCULAR VIEW pans the park, and the river. Then it stops. Muldoon lowers the binoculars and walks back to the Jeep.

GENNARO
What is it? Do you see the kids?

MULDOON
No. I see Nedry.

THE EMBANKMENT

The Jeep over the lip, as before. Nedry's body lying beside the car, covered by green shapes that scatter away. A dozen PROCOMPSOGNATHIDS, no larger than a duck, stand back chittering Muldoon and Gennaro approach.

MULDOON
Compys. The compys are scavengers. They
like to eat you while you're still alive.

GENNARO
Nice.

RICK 0016

Muldoon looks in the Jeep, searching it thoroughly. Gennaro stares at Nedry.

MULDOON
Nedry stole fifteen embryos, according to Wu...

Nedry lies on his back, the boyish face red and bloated. Flies buzz around the gaping mouth. Gennaro turns away quickly. The compys squat on their hind legs. The little dinosaurs wipe their faces and chins with five-fingered hands, giving them an eerily human quality .

MULDOON
Know what that's worth? Somewhere between
two and ten million. Big stakes. For fifteen
little embryos...(gets back out of car) They're
not here. Not any more. Let's go.

GENNARO
(pointing to body)
What about him?

MULDOON
What about him? You know how much damage he caused? Come on, we've got things to do.

He puts the car in gear. The compys jump back on the corpse, resume feeding.

EXT - ON THE RIVER

A VIEW OF TREE BRANCHES IN THE SUN. Birds cry, and small chirping dinosaurs leap among the branches.The POV of someone looking upward.

Grant lying on his back in the raft. He awakens. Listens:

LEX
(sighs)
I wish Daddy was here. Daddy always knows what to do.

TIM
What're you talking about? He never knows what to do.

LEX
Yes, he does. Just because you're not his favorite...(Tim turns away) But don't worry, Daddy likes you, too. Even if you 're into computers and not sports.

RICK 016

TIM
Yeah, Dad's a real sports nut.

LEX
He is not a sports nut.

TIM
Is too...

They start to argue, but Grant puts his hand out, in some pain.

GRANT
Kids....Will you shut up?

LEX AND TIM
(happy)
Dr. Grant!

They rush to him, relieved, and help him sit up. This touching scene is interrupted when on the bank the leaves shake with a roar, and we see the shadow of the tyrannosaur. It is trying to get through the heavy growth; it butts and twists and roars. Then it moves downstream, ahead of the boat, and tries again, shaking the branches furiously.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

On the board, the blinking light of the rex follows the river.

ARNOLD
I don't get it. The rex is following the river...

Arnold sits in front of the consoles and gulps another cup of coffee. Around him, the control room is strewn with paper plates and half-eaten sandwiches.

ELLIE
You think Grant and the kids are on the river?

ARNOLD
Maybe. I can't find them anywhere. But it's
very unsafe, on the river. That's why we
haven't opened the river ride. It's very unsafe.

BACK ON THE RIVER

In the dark tunnel of the jungle river, Grant goes hand over hand, holding branches, moving the raft cautiously forward. Hooting ahead. And finally he sees:

GRANT
Dilophosaurus.

Standing on both river banks are a total of three dilophosaurs, spotted yellow and black, V-shaped crests. Bird-like, they bend to drink from the river, then rise to hoot.

LEX
(whispering)
Aren't those the poison ones?

Grant nods. The dilophosaurs seem to be interacting in a ritualistic, repetitive way. Bending and drinking and hooting...

TIM
What do we do?

GRANT
We've got to get past them...

A branch snaps off from his hand, and floats downriver. The dinosaurs ignore it, still honking repeatedly.

Grant starts to break off more branches, quickly.

LEX
What is it?

GRANT
I want you two kids to lie flat on the rubber.

He begins to cover them with branches.

FARTHER DOWNSTREAM - MOMENTS LATER

The raft, a pile of branches, drifts toward the hooting dilophosaurs. It gains speed.

ON THE RAFT, Grant and the kids lie looking up through the branches. Lex staring at Grant with frightened eyes. They are coming closer to the dilophosaurs. The hooting is louder.

They come around a final bend and Grant catches his breath. The dilophosaurs are just a few feet away, and looming above them.

A thump. The raft stops moving. They are aground, against the river bank, just a few feet downstream from the dilophosaurs.

LEX
(whispering)
Oh, great.

There is a long, slow, scraping sound of the raft against the mud. Then nothing. Stuck.

One of the hooting dilos comes over to investigate. It peers down at the branches, its face coming close. It claws at some of the branches, and the raft begins to move. It snorts, and nudges it. The raft spins to the other side of the stream.

The other dilo nudges it back. The raft crosses toward the third dino. Lex is sort of moaning...The third dino nudges it, and the raft spins a final time, and then... floats downriver.

EXT - ALONG THE RIVER

The Jeep bounces along. Muldoon is driving, with Gennaro at his side. The tyrannosaur directly ahead, moving among the palm trees.

MULDOON
Let's go give Rexy a dose. I've wanted to put a needle in this big bastard for a while. (as he drives, reaches back for his tubing)
You want to help you can break out those canisters at your feet. We'll give him a quart of tranquilizer to start.

Gennaro bends to open a stainless Halliburton case. Four cylinders, each the size of a quart milk bottle, nestled in the foam. He takes one out.

Muldoon drives slowly , moving closer to the Tyrannosaur, which is poking its head through the branches, peering toward the river. Trying to get through.

GENNARO
Wonder what he sees in there?

MULDOON
Hard to know.

Muldoon stops fifty yards away from the tyrannosaur, and leaves the motor running.

RICK 0016

MULDOON
Get behind the wheel. And put your seat belt on.

He loads one cannister, takes another and hooks it onto his shirt. As he gets out, Gennaro slides behind the wheel.

MULDOON
I'll get him just behind the auditory meatus. We'll see how it goes from there.

GENNARO
Have you done this before?

MULDOON
None of us have done any of this before.

He walks ten yards ahead. He steadies the gun against his shoulder, and flips up the telescopic sight. He aims at the tyrannosaur, which still ignores them.

There is a burst of pale gas, and a white streak shoot forward in the air toward the tyrannosaur. The dart sticks in the neck. The tyrannosaur turns slowly to peer at them, and roars! Full rage! Muldoon turns, and starts to run away from the rex—but Gennaro, panicked, has put the car in gear and backs up.

Muldoon runs toward the fleeing car. Just as he gets there, it fishtails 180 degrees and knocks him away, onto his back—the rex charges—walking right over him!—the feet landing on either side of him!—and continues toward the Jeep.

In the jeep, Gennaro starts backing again—just as Muldoon gets up—Gennaro drives over him!—and as the vehicle clears, Muldoon looks up to see the Rex bearing down on him! And the mouth digs dirt like a shovel.

Muldoon is up—Gennaro is coming, he swings the door wide—Muldoon runs and the rex comes up for another attack—and the door slams into Muldoon, picking him up like a sack of mail, and the rex head snaps around to get him, but misses!

The jeep speeds away, and Muldoon gets into the car. The rex roars behind them.

GENNARO
I'd say you missed.

MULDOON
Yeah. (sighing) Let's go back and get more canisters. Then we'll try again.

The Jeep heads north, toward the lodge.

BACK ON THE RIVER

The river is very narrow, and flowing swiftly. The raft goes so fast it's exhilarating, like an amusement park ride.

LEX
Whee! This is fun!

Grant squints forward. Farther ahead he can see the trees widening, and an area of bright sunlight, and a distant roaring sound. In fact, the river seems to end abruptly in a peculiar flat line...Grant grabs for his paddles.

TIM
What is it?

GRANT
Waterfall.

The raft sweeps out of the overhanging darkness into brilliant sunlight, and races forward toward the lip of the roaring waterfall. Grant paddles as strongly as he can, but he only succeeds in spinning the boat in circles. Lex leans toward him.

LEX
I can't swim!

AT THE WATERFALL

Grant sees she does not have her life vest clasped. Grant jams his oar into the water and holds, right at the lip; the rubber raft shudders in the current, but does not go over. He strains against the oar, sees the sheer drop of fifty feet down to the surging pool below.

And standing in the surging pool, waiting for them, is the tyrannosaur.

Lex is screaming in panic, as the boat spins, the rear end drops away, spilling them out into air and roaring water and they fall . Grant flails his arms in the air...As they go over, one after another, tumbling in what seems to take forever before they plunge into the bubbling, boiling pool of white at the bottom.

Grant tumbles and spins and glimpses the leg of the tyrannosaur as he is swirled past it, then swept down through the pool and out into the stream beyond. He gets to the shore, catches a branch, and pulls himself out of the main current. He looks back, just in time to see the rubber raft tumble past him. Then he pulls Tim, coughing and shivering, onto the shore beside him.

Grant turns back to the waterfall, sees the tyrannosaur plunge his head straight down into the water of the pool at his feet. The great head shakes, splashing water to either side. He has something between his teeth. The tyrannosaur lifts up. In his mouth, Lex's orange life vest.

They look worriedly and almost miss Lex, as she bobs to the surface beside the dinosaur's long tail. She lies face down in the water, Grant plunges into the water after her, is again immersed in the churning torrent.

He pulls her up onto the rocks. Water pours from her mouth. Her eyelids flutter. Weak smile.

LEX
Hi.

THE TYRANNOSAUR - MOMENTS LATER

Tearing up the life vest. Small flecks of white are drifting down the river, past Grant and the kids ducking among the big ferns that line the riverbanks. He leads them upstream, toward the waterfall.

Rick 0016

NEAR THE WATERFALL

Close to the waterfall , the roar much louder, the rocks slippery. The path seems to lead right into the rushing water, but as they come closer, they sees that it actually goes behind the waterfall.

The tyrannosaur is still looking downstream, its back turned to them. They reach the waterfall, and have almost moved behind the sheet of falling water when the tyrannosaur turns. It sees them.

BEHIND THE WATERFALL

They look in surprise. There is a little recess here, hardly larger than a closet, and filled with machinery: humming pumps and big filters and pipes. Everything is wet, and cold.

LEX
(shouting)
Did he see us?What is this place? Did he see us?

GRANT
Just a minute. (looking at machinery) This is park machinery. (pokes among filters and pipes) Maybe there's a telephone. We have only an hour to contact that ship before it reaches the mainland.

In the back of the recess he finds a metal door marked MAINTENANCE 04. Next to it is a slot for a security card. But the door opens easily. He finds a flashlight just inside—takes it—concrete walls behind—and goes on...

R1gk 0016

INSIDE THE PASSAGEWAY

On the back wall he sees stenciled VEHICLE 04/22 and an arrow pointing down some stairs.

GRANT
Come on, kids. Looks like there's a car her.

LEX
Forget it. I'm not going in there.

GRANT
All right, stay here. I'll be right back.

LEX
(alarmed)
Where're you going?

Grant steps through the door. It snaps shut behind him, on a spring. Grant is plunged into total darkness.

GRANT
Hey.

He flicks on his flashlight, peers at the door.

BACK IN THE CAVE

LEX
(shouting and pounding door)
Dr. Grant! Dr. Grant!

TIM
Take it easy. He'll be back in a minute.

LEX
Dr. Grant!

At that moment, with a roar, the tyrannosaur's head bursts through the waterfall toward them, mouth gaping wide. Lex shrieks and throws herself on Tim. The head swings back and forth, and pulls out again. Tim can see the shadow of the head on the sheet of falling water. The rex is just outside.

He pulls Lex deeper into the recess and the jaws burst through again, roaring, the thick tongue flicking in and out rapidly. Water sprayed in all directions from the head. Then it pulls out again. Lex huddles next to Tim, shivering.

LEX
I hate him.

The recess is only a few feet deep, crammed with machinery. There's no place to hide. The head breaks through the water again, slowly this time, and the jaw comes to rest on the ground. The tyrannosaur snorts, flaring nostrils, breathing air. But its eyes are still outside the sheet of water.

TIM
He can't see us.

LEX
What's he doing?

With a low growl, the jaws open, and the tongue snakes out—thick and blue-black, with a forked indentation at the tip. Four feet long, it easily reaches to the far wall of the recess. The tongue slides rasping over the filter cylinders. Tim and Lex press back against the pipes, dodging it.

The tongue has muscular movements, like an elephant's trunk. It moves slowly to the left, then the right, slapping wetly against the machinery. The tip curls around the pipes and valves, sensing them, then draws back, drags against Lex's legs.

LEX
Eeww.

The tongue pauses, curls, rising like a snake up the side of her body—

TIM
(whispering)
Don't move.

—past her face, then up along Tim's shoulder, and finally wrapping around his head. Tim squeezes his eyes shut as the slimy muscle covers his face. The tongue begins to drag him, very slowly, toward the open jaws.

LEX
Timmy...

Tim can't answer; his mouth is covered by the flat black tongue. He can see, but he can't talk. Lex tugs at his hand.

RICK 2016

LEX (cont'd)
Come on, Timmy!

But he is no match for the muscular power that drags him toward the snorting mouth. Tim lets go of her and presses the tongue with both hands, trying to shove it over his head. He can't move it. He digs his heels into the muddy ground but he is dragged forward anyway.

Lex wraps her arms around his waist and pulls backward. The mouth is closer, closer....Gaping.....And then suddenly the tongue relaxes, and uncoils, slipping off his face.

Tim's body is covered in disgusting white foamy slime, and the tongue falls limply to the ground. The jaws slap shut, biting down on the tongue. The nostrils still snort in ragged breaths.

LEX
(hugging Tim)
What's he doing?

And then slowly, very slowly, the head begins to slide backward, leaving a long scrape in the mud. And it disappears beyond the silver sheet of falling water.

BACK IN CONTROL ROOM

ARNOLD
Okay. The rex is down. Finally!

He pushes back in his chair, and grins as he lights a final cigarette and crumpled the pack.

MULDOON
I knew I got him. (to Gennaro) It just took him an hour to feel it.

GENNARO
What about the phones?

ARNOLD
Now that the rex is down, I think we can shut down the computer, clear the memory, and get the phones back. Want to try, Henry?

WU
(snapping open covers)
Shutting down now.

ARNOLD
Okay. Here we go.

Everything in the room goes out. All the lights, all the screens. Everything.

RICK 0016

WU
(looking at watch)
Waiting thirty seconds.

BACK ON THE WATERFALL

Cautiously, Tim moves a few yards out along the muddy path. He sees the tyrannosaur lying on its side, floating in the pool of water below.

LEX
I hope he's dead.

Tim can see it isn't: the dinosaur's chest is still moving; one forearm twitches in spasms. He sees the white canister sticking in the back of the head.

TIM
He's been shot with a dart.

LEX
Good. He practically ate us.

Tim watches the labored breathing, distressed to see the huge animal humbled.

TIM
It's not his fault.

LEX
Oh sure. He practically ate us and it's not his fault.

TIM
He's a carnivore. He was just doing what he does.

The sound of the waterfall changes. The thundering sheet of water thins, becomes a trickle....and stops. Now just dripping. The pool at the bottom is still.

LEX
Waterfalls aren't supposed to stop.

Behind them, all the pumps and filters shut down one after another, the monitor lights blinking off, and the machinery becoming quiet. And then there is the thunk of a solenoid releasing, and the door swings slowly open. Grant steps out.

RICK 0016

GRANT
Good work, kids. You got the door open.

LEX
We didn't do anything.

TIM
The power went out.

BACK TO CONTROL ROOM

Wu is looking at his watch.

WU
All right. That's long enough to clear memory.
Let's switch back on...

All the switches snapped back on, one after another. No result.

GENNARO
Nothing's happening.

ARNOLD
Guess not. Let's check the book.

GENNARO
Check the book?

Wu is getting out a series of fat looseleaf manuals. Opening them one after another. Gennaro stares in disbelief.

GENNARO
What are you, kidding?

WU
(discarding first book)
This is operations setup. You have the OS commands?

ARNOLD
(discarding book)
No, this is submodules only.

GENNARO
You mean you have to look up the instruction book?

ARNOLD
That's right, Mr. Gennaro.

R CK 0016

MULDOON
Is this it?

WU
No, that's utilities modules.

MULDOON
Oh.

ARNOLD
Here we are. OS startup command procedures...Section C-9...'Powerdown must be reset from main power switch.'

WU
Oh. Makes sense.

Arnold gets up.

GENNARO
Where are you going?

ARNOLD
To the maintenance room. I have to reset from the main power switch. It's by the generator.

GENNARO
Why?

WU
Because that's the way the system was designed.

MULDOON
(glance at watch)
The power's been off for a while now.

OUTSIDE - BY THE RAPTOR FENCE

Arnold walks along toward the maintenance building. It's a quiet morning, birds chirping. A faint mist in the air. He passes the raptor fence.

Inside, one of the raptors sees him pass by. The raptor attacks the fence—hits the fence—metallic clanging—the animal falls back, stunned. But...no sparks! No nothing!

RICK 0006

Arnold is stunned, too. He stares at the raptor getting to its feet.

The animal stares back. They both get it at the same moment.

ARNOLD
Oh _no_.

The first raptor makes a high-pitched keening sound, almost too high to hear, and suddenly six raptors attack the fence, leaping high into the air, shrieking and snarling like a gaggle of hideous birds, and they can jump very high—enough to get over it. Excited, they make a tremendous amount of noise.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

They can hear the animal yelping. They look up.

GENNARO
What's that?

BACK TO THE FENCE

P.FT

Arnold is running, heading toward the maintenance building, and the raptors are scrambling over the fence, shrieking like hyenas on a blood scent, and we know he doesn't have a chance.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Muldoon comes back from the window. He hands out portable radios, talks fast.

MULDOON
We have a problem. Dr. Wu, stay in the control room. You're the only one who can work the computers, if we get them back on. Dr. Sattler, stay with him.

HAMMOND
What about Arnold?

MULDOON
Mr. Hammond, go to your bungalow. Gennaro, see that he gets there safely. Lock him in. Don't argue with me. Go now. I'll deal with the raptors. (turning to Gennaro) If you feel like coming back from the bungalow, you can help me. We've got to get the computer back on, so we can call for help.

GENNARO
Okay. (swallows)

MULDOON
(sizing up his man) Fine. (turning away) That's it, everybody. Now move.

HAMMOND
(whining)
But what are you going to do to my animals?

MULDOON
The question is, what are they going to do to us?

120
120A

He goes through the door, and hurries down the hall toward his office. Gennaro goes with Hammond to an overhead walkway that leads to his bungalow, on a far hill.

INT - WEAPONS LOCKER

In the basement, Muldoon opens the weapons cache. Starts to get weapons out.

INT - HAMMOND'S BUNGALOW

As Hammond and Gennaro arrive. Music playing. Gennaro looks at the wall: all the electronics stuff is still glowing. Glowing!

GENNARO
You have power here!

HAMMOND
(dully)
Yes. That's all battery powered.

GENNARO
You have a shortwave radio here! You can call for help!

HAMMOND
Yes, I suppose I can.

GENNARO
Well, come on! Let's call. (seeing Hammond's dullness) Never mind, I'll do it.

RICK 0016

Gennaro starts to push buttons and twist dials, holding the handset. We hear the whine and crackle of static, the radio coming to life, and then a different hissing....

Hammond has poured a vase of water all over the machine. Steam comes out of the vents. It crackles and dies.

HAMMOND
(venomous, accusing)
You've wanted to destroy my world all along. But I'm not going to let you...not...my beautiful animals...

GENNARO
(shaking his head)
Mr. Hammond...

He leaves.

INT - WEAPONS LOCKER

As Gennaro arrives.

MULDOON
Change your mind?

GENNARO
I thought you might need help.

MULDOON
Yeah. I might.

Muldoon picks up the gray shoulder launcher. There are six cylinders and six canisters.

MULDOON
The thing about these damn dinos is that they have distributed nervous systems. They don't die fast, even with a direct hit to the brain. And they're built solidly; thick ribs make a shot to the heart dicey, and they're difficult to cripple in the legs or hindquarters. Slow bleeders, slow to die.

He is opening the cylinders one after another and dropping in the canisters. He tossed a thick webbed belt to Gennaro.

RICK 0016

MULDOON (cont'd)
Put that on.

Gennaro tightened the belt, and Muldoon passed him the shells.

MULDOON (cont'd)
Unfortunately we've only got six shells here. There's nine raptors all together. Let's go. Stay close—you have the shells.

OUTSIDE - NEAR MAINTENANCE SHED

Muldoon runs down the path to the maintenance shed. Gennaro puffing alongside him. They round a corner and Muldoon stops.

Three raptors look up at Muldoon and Gennaro. Bloody jaws. Arnold's feet stick out from beneath the bushes.

The raptors fan out, one staying in the center, the other two moving to each side. Coordinated. Smooth. Muldoon is already crouching, the launcher on his shoulder. The raptors are ducking their heads, preparing to charge.

MULDOON
Load.

Gennaro slips the shell in the back of the launcher. There is an electric sizzle. Nothing happens.

MULDOON
You've got it in backward. And you have to
twist the cap to arm it.

Muldoon tips the barrel up so it falls into Gennaro's hands. The left-hand raptor charges. The other two hang back. Gennaro looks at the cap. He twists the top. Nothing. Twists again. The raptor is closing very fast.

Gennaro twists the other way, and the cap blinks red. He loads it again. The raptor is very close and snarling when Muldoon fires and the animal explodes backward, literally disintegrating in a cloud of dense smoke.

The two other raptors are a distance away. They begin to duck their heads, preparing to charge. From somewhere, we hear a human scream.

GENNARO
This could really be a disaster.

MULDOON
Load.

RICK 0016

BACK TO THE BUNGALOW

Hammond squeezes his eyes shut at the sound of the explosions. His precious animals being killed. A tear runs down his cheek. PAN DOWN to the portable walkie-talkie in his hands, where we hear:

MULDOON (on radio)
Wu. You and Sattler get to the lodge if you
can. That's the safest place.

WU (on radio)
Say—again?

MULDOON (on radio)
This—isn't working out—get to the lodge!

More explosions.

BACK TO GRANT AND THE KIDS

They hear the distant muffled sound of explosions, and the faint animal screams. They all look at each other. They try to figure out what the sounds mean.

GRANT
Come on, kids.

INT - TUNNEL - GRANT AND KIDS

Electric motor whirring, the MAINTENANCE VEHICLE races forward down the dark underground tunnel. Grant drives, his foot to the floor. The tunnel is featureless except for the occasional air vent above.

They burst out into daylight with shocking speed.

EXT - THE VISITOR CENTER

They have arrived right in front of the garage. And there is an ominous silence. The mist is heavier...grayer...Grant parks. They climb up to the entrance.

INT - LOBBY OF VISITOR CENTER

The glass doors gape wide. A gray mist blows through the main rotunda. A sign that reads WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH is dark and hangs at an angle. A general sense of disarray.

RICK 006

Grant takes a dead guard's radio and tries it. Softly.

GRANT
Hello, this is Grant. Is anybody there? Hello, this is Grant.

Lex stares at the legs and feet of the guard, lying behind the security desk.

WU (on radio)
My God. Grant? Is that you?

ELLIE (on radio)
Alan? Alan?

GRANT
It's me. I'm all right.

ELLIE
Thank God. What about the kids?

GRANT
The kids are with me. They're okay.

ELLIE
Thank (cutout hiss)—n where are you?

GRANT
In the visitor center.

ELLIE
You're here.

GRANT
Yes. Why.

ELLIE
Alan, listen. The raptors got loose. They may be in the building with you.

GRANT
The raptors?

ELLIE
Muldoon killed three. But there are six left.

GRANT
And where are you?

ELLIE
We're all in the lodge...We've lost some people. We can't raise Hammond. He may be dead.

RICK 0016

GRANT
Are the telephones working?

ELLIE
No. The computer is off. Nothing works.

GRANT
How do we get it back on? Because if we don't, dinosaurs will reach the mainland. Nedry put embryos on the boat—

MULDOON
(interrupting)
—I don't think you understand, Dr. Grant. We have a real problem over here.

IN THE LODGE

In the skylight above Malcolm's bed, the raptors have chewed through the first of the steel bars. One of the raptors grips the end of the bar and tugs, putting his powerful hind limb on the skylight. The glass shatters, glittering down on Malcolm's bed below. Ellie removes fragments from the sheets.

MULDOON
Two raptors followed us here. They're on the roof. The bars are suppose to be electrified, but of course the power's off. They're biting through the bars of the skylight.

GRANT (on radio)
Biting through the bars?

MULDOON
Ah, just a minute, Dr. Grant.

Now that the glass is broken, we hear the snorts and snarls of the raptors, the squeal of their teeth on the metal as they chew the bars. Foamy saliva spatters onto the sheets, and the bedside table. Gennaro is huddled in the corner, his head bandaged.

GENNARO
They can't get in until they chew through the other bar.

MULDOON
Five, ten minutes at most...

WU
If Grant could somehow get to the maintenance shed...

MULDOON
(limping on sprained ankle)
He can't get the power on fast enough. Not to stop this.

MALCOLM
(coughing)
Yes. Can...

MULDOON
Can what?

RICK 0016

MALCOLM
(wincing)
Distraction...Go to...fence...outside...

WU
Wait a minute. He's right. We have two raptors here. Four more out there somewhere. If we could draw them here.... then Grant would be free to go to the maintenance building and turn on the power. It might work!

MULDOON
Who's going to be the bait? My ankle's shot.

WU
I'll do it.

MULDOON
No. You're the only one who knows how to turn on the computer. You need to tell Grant what to do.

HARDING
I'll do it.

ELLIE
No. Malcolm needs you. I'll do it.

MULDOON
No, I don't think so.

ELLIE
Why? You think I can't do the job?
(bends over, laces up her running shoes)
Just don't tell Grant. It'll make him nervous.

RICK 0016

BACK TO THE LOBBY

The lobby is silent, chilly fog drifting past them.

WU
(over radio)
Alan, are you there—is Wu speaking. We are planning a distraction...

GRANT
I'm here.

WU
Listen. You have to turn on the power, in the maintenance building.

GRANT
Okay.

WU
Now, listen. We think we can get all the raptors down here by the lodge. Give us three minutes. Then it'll be clear for you to go.

GRANT
Okay.

WU
You leave the kids in the cafeteria, and they should be all right. Take the radio with you when you go.

GRANT
Okay.

WU
Call me when you get to the maintenance building.

GRANT
Okay.

Grant turns the radio off.

RICK 0016

LEX
(whispering)
Are we going to the cafeteria?

GRANT
Yes.

LEX
Finally. I'm starving. I want a hot dog.

They walk through the deserted lobby.

GRANT
I don't think there's any electricity to cook with.

LEX
Then ice cream.

GRANT
Ice cream?

LEX
Yeah. Rocky road.

172 INT - CAFETERIA

Opening the door, we see dining-room tables and chairs, a pair of swinging stainless-steel doors beyond, with little round windows in them.

GRANT
Okay, kids. I want you to stay here no matter what. Got that?

LEX
Leave us the radio.

GRANT
I can't. I need it. Just stay here. I'll only be gone about five minutes. Okay?

LEX
Okay.

GRANT
Okay.

Grant gives them a cheerful smile, closes the door.

RICK 001

TIM
(smiling bravely)
Don't worry about us, Dr. Grant. We'll be okay.

As the door closes, the cafeteria becomes very dark. Lex clutches his hand. He leads her forward.

LEX
Remember, I want ice cream...

TIM
Okay, okay...

They go deeper into the dining room, to the swinging doors. He pushes one door open and holds it wide.

EXT - THE LODGE

Ellie Sattler steps outside the front door to the lodge into chilly mist. Directly ahead she sees the heavy bars of the fence in the fog. But she can't see much beyond—another twenty yards before the landscape turns milky white. No raptors. The gardens and trees are almost eerily silent.

She looks toward the visitor building, cloaked in the fog. At the limit of her vision, almost lost in the fog, she sees a ghostly-pale animal. A raptor.

MULDOON
They're out there.

ELLIE
(opening the gate)
Maybe they'll know this sound.

The metal hinges, rusted from the constant mist, creak loudly. She closes it again, opens it with another creak. And leaves it open.

The raptor disappears, a gray shadow, and then two reappear, but don't approach any closer.

Ellie goes through the gate, stepping outside the bars.

MULDOON
I wouldn't do that, if I were you....

ELLIE
We've got to get them away from Alan, or he won't stand a chance. Maybe they'll know this sound...

She is scuffling her feet loudly on the gravel. She moves away from the fence—it disappears fast in the fog behind her. She's twenty yards from the fence now, the mist drifting like light rain. She moves through a world of shades of gray. The muscles in her legs taut. Her eyes straining. Looking for anything..a leaf moving...anything...

The raptors attack in utter, creepy silence. The first one charges from the foliage at the left, and Ellie whirls.

BACK AT THE LODGE FENCE

MULDOON
(muttering, pacing)
Crazy woman...It'll never work..I told her, never work...

The sound of feet running. Muldoon looks up, sees Ellie emerge from the fog. She is running hard, flat out, Muldoon opens the gate, and she goes through and he slams it shut, and she rolls on the ground and turns in time to see first one, then two—then three—animals hit the fence and snarl.

MULDOON
(shouts)
Good work. I knew it would work!

He taunts the animals now, snarling back, driving them wild. They fling themselves at the fence, leaping forward, and one of them nearly makes it over the top. Ellie gets to her feet, scrapes and bruises, blood running down her leg.

ELLIE
Three animals here—and two on the roof.
That means one is still missing, somewhere!
Where's the missing raptor?

GRANT GOING TO MAINTENANCE

Moving quickly forward, into the mist, along the path among the palm trees and followed it north. A raptor could attack at any moment in this fog. Up ahead, the rectangular structure of the maintenance shed emerges from the mist.

EXT/INT MAINTENANCE BUILDING

Grant steps inside a door that is propped open with a man's shoe. He squints. He listens, hears nothing. He raises his radio and speaks quietly.

CK 0016

GRANT
This is Grant. I'm inside.

THE LODGE

Wu looks up at the skylight. The two raptors still peer down into Malcolm's room, but they seem distracted by the noises outside.

GRANT (on radio)
I'm inside. What do I do now?

WU
All right: If you're standing inside the door, you'll see a metal walkway with railings. Go along the walkway.

IN THE MAINTENANCE BUILDING

GRANT
I'm going.

WU (on radio)
But be careful...we can't account for one
raptor. It may be there with you.

GRANT
(low)
Great.

Grant walks out the walkway, like a metal gangplank, into darkness.

WU (on radio)
You see a stairs going down to the left...

GRANT
Yeah.

WU
Go downstairs.

He goes down. It's even darker, gloomier. He hears a snarling...no, just hissing steam, though he jumps out of his skin. And bangs his head.

WU
What is it?

GRANT
I banged my head.

WU
Are you all right?

GRANT
Yeah.....No raptors so far...

THE DINING ROOM/KITCHEN

Tim goes through the swinging doors at the back of the dining room and enters the kitchen. A big stainless-steel table in the center of the room, a big stove with lots of burners to the left, and, beyond that, big walk-in refrigerators. Tim starts opening the refrigerators. Smoke comes out in the humid air when he opens each one.

In this next refrigerator, he finds all kinds of stuff, cartons of milk, and piles of vegetables, and a stack of T-bone steaks, fish...But no ice cream.

RICK 0016

TIM
You still want ice cream?'

LEX
I told you, didn't I?

The next refrigerator is all stainless steel, with a flat horizontal handle. He tugs the handle, pulls it open and sees a walk-in freezer: a whole room, freezing cold.

LEX
Timmy...

TIM
(annoyed)
Will you wait a minute? I'm trying to find your stupid ice cream.

LEX
(whispering)
Timmy...something's here.

Tim hurries back out of the freezer, its door wreathed in glowing green smoke. Lex stands by the steel worktable, pointing back to the kitchen door. We hear a low hissing sound, like a very large snake.

LEX
(whispering)
Timmy, I'm scared...

Tim creeps forward to the kitchen door and looks out.

In the dining room, moving among the tables, silent as a ghost except for the hissing breath, is a raptor! We see only the muscular upper torso, forearms held tightly alongside the body, the claws dangling. The raptor is alert; it looks from side to side, moving its head with abrupt, bird-like jerks. A gigantic, silent bird of prey.

RICK 0016

From time to time, the raptor bends over, lowering its head out of sight below the tables. Tim hears a rapid sniffing sound. Then the head snaps up, alertly, jerking back and forth like a bird. It smells them.

Tim ducks back into the kitchen.

LEX
Is something there?

Tim doesn't answer. He pushes her into a cupboard in the corner, leans close to her and whispers fiercely:

TIM
Stay here!

He shuts the door, and then he runs for the refrigerator. He grabs a handful of cold steaks and hurries back to the door. He quietly places the first of the steaks on the floor, moves back, puts down the second...

Through his glasses, he sees Lex peeping from the cupboard door. He waves her back. He places the third steak, and the fourth, moving deeper into the kitchen.

The hissing is louder, and then the clawed hand grips the door, and the big head peers cautiously around.

Tim stops. Tim stands in a half-crouch at the back of the room, near the far leg of the steel worktable. He's had no time to conceal himself; he is in clear view of the velociraptor. Slowly, very slowly, Tim lowers his body, sinking beneath the table... The raptor jerks its head around, looking directly at Tim. Tim freezes.

The raptor stands motionless in the doorway: sniffing. Cautious. It silently yawns, throwing back its long snout, exposing rows of razor-sharp teeth. It stares forward again, jerking its head from side to side. The nostrils flare. The big eyes swivel in the bony sockets.

The raptor sniffs, steps forward—moving directly toward Lex! It must smell her, somehow! The raptor stops. Bends over slowly. At the cupboard!

It pulls open the cupboard door, and plunges its head in to a great banging of pots and pans! It pulls out. Pans clatter at its feet.

More banging inside the cupboard. Lex is crawling....

Tim is horrified. The raptor follows the sound. It pulls open another door...snarls...its body shaking...Lex screaming in terror...the raptor comes out with something in its teeth...tugging and jerking at it....Tim can hardly bear to look...

RICK 0016

The baseball mitt!

The raptor sniffs the mitt, then tears it between its claws, chews unhappily, pushes it away, chases it... and finds the steak.

Tim doesn't move. He stands frozen in a half-crouch, listening.

The raptor eats the steak. T-bone and all. The raptor raises its head, looks around. It sees the second steak, moves quickly forward. It bends down. Silence: the raptor doesn't eat it. The head comes back up. Tim stays frozen in his crouch.

The raptor moves very quickly now to the third steak, dips its head, and moves on—coming closer to Tim, who holds his breath. The dinosaur is now just a few feet away. We see the small twitches in the muscles of the flanks. The crusted blood on the claws of the hand. The folds of skin in the neck below the jaw.

The raptor sniffs. It jerks its head, looks right at Tim. Tim nearly gasps with fright. He watches as the reptile eye moves, scanning the room. Another sniff. Then the head jerks away and the animal goes toward the fifth steak.

The raptor smells the steak, and moves on to the open door to the freezer. Smoke billowing out, curling along the floor toward the animal's feet. One big clawed foot lifts, then comes down again. The dinosaur hesitates, sensing the cold...The raptor goes in! The head disappears, then the body, then the stiff tail.

Tim sprints, flinging his body against the stainless door of the locker, slamming it shut. The door slams on the tip of the tail! The door won't shut! The raptor roars, a terrifying loud sound. Inadvertently, Tim takes a step back—the tail is inside the door. Tim slams the door shut and hears it click! Closed!

TIM
(screaming)
Lex! Lex!

The animal pounding against the door, thumping the steel.

TIM
Lex!

LEX
(coming up)
What do you want!

Tim is leaning his body against the horizontal door handle, holding it shut.

TIM
There's a pin! A little pin! Get the pin!

The raptor roars like a lion, the sound muffled by the thick steel. It crashes its whole body against the door.

RICK 0016

LEX
(shouting)
I can't see anything!

The pin dangles beneath the door handle, swinging on a little metal chain.

TIM
It's right there!

LEX
(screaming)
I can't see it!

TIM
Feel for it!

Her little hand reaching up, groping for the pin, her breath in panicky gasps as the raptor slams against the door and it opens—it opens!—but in the moment of recoil Tim slams the door shut again. Lex scrambles back, reaches up in the darkness.

LEX
I have it!

Clutching the pin in her hand, and she pushes it through the hole. And she locks it in!

The raptor roars. Tim and Lex step back from the door as the dinosaur slams again. With each impact, the heavy steel wall hinges creak, but they hold. The raptor is locked in.

TIM
Let's go..

He takes her hand, and they run.

BACK IN MAINTENANCE ROOM

The cover snaps open on a HUGE SWITCH: main power. Grant leans in, and flips it. There is a hum. The generator starts up. But no lights come on

GRANT
I don't get it. Why haven't the lights come back on?

WU
Because. We turned the computer systems off manually. Now the computer has to be turned back on manually.

GRANT
I don't know a thing about computers.

WU
Go back to the control room, and I'll talk you through restoring the systems manually.

GRANT
I have to go back to the control room now?

WU
Yes. And turn on the computer.

GRANT
Don't you think this is a little complicated?

RICK 0016

WU
Please hurry, Dr. Grant.

AT THE LODGE

Wu , delighted, runs to the front door.

WU
Grant got the generator on! He's on his way
back now!.

ELLIE
That's great!

Wu stands there with the door open, which Muldoon doesn't like.

MULDOON
Don't stand with the bloody door open!

He's limping toward it, but too late. A raptor jumps down from the roof. Wu is yanked bodily out the door, and Muldoon gets to the door and looks out and sees Wu is lying on his back, feebly reaching up to push the big head away as it eats him, and Ellie starts to run along the inside of the fence, and Muldoon slams the door shut.

Muldoon goes to the window and looks out, and he sees that the three raptors outside the fence are hearing the generator, and are now running away. They are going back, toward the visitor center.

RICK 0016

AT THE MAINTENANCE BUILDING

Grant comes to the edge of the maintenance building and peers forward, in the fog. He can hear the snarls of the raptors. He hesitates, waiting. The raptors run past him, toward the visitor center.

OUTSIDE THE VISITOR CENTER

The raptors cluster by an industrial-type vent. They bob and listen. A meweling sound: the raptor inside the freezer. Sounds coming through the vent.

INSIDE THE FREEZER

The raptor meweling, high-pitched.

THE RAPTORS OUTSIDE

They start walking around, looking for an entrance.

ELLIE AT THE LODGE

She turns and runs, as fast as she can, toward the far end of the lodge, leaving behind the raptors crouched over the dead Wu. The raptors see her, and pursue her. She runs, hearing the raptors behind her.

She rounds the corner, sees a tree growing by the side of the building, and leaps, grabbing a branch, swinging up. Carried by her momentum she kicks, and hooks her legs over a higher branch, and pulls herself up.

She is already twelve feet off the ground, when we see the first animal at the base of the tree. Its mouth is bloody and bits of stringy flesh hang from its jaws.

Ellie continues to go up fast, hand over hand, just reaching and going, until she is at the roof level of the building. She sees the gravel four feet away, and the glass pyramids of the skylights, sticking up in the mist. There is a door on the roof; she can get inside. She looks down again.

The raptors are climbing the tree.

In a single effort she flings herself through the air, and lands sprawling on the gravel. Not graceful—she scrapes her face—then she's up and running for the door that leads to the stairwell. Behind her, the raptors shaking the branches of the tree.

She reaches the door, and twists the knob. The door is locked. She pounds on it in frustration, and then runs for the far side of the roof, hoping to see a way down, but there is only the green of the swimming pool through the blowing mist. All around the pool is twelve feet of concrete decking. Too wide for her to jump across. No other trees to climb down. No stairs. No fire escape.

The raptor jump easily to the roof. They come slowly toward her, stalking her, slipping silently among the glass pyramids. Ellie looks down, to the pool. It's still too far.

The raptors snarl. Ellie backs away, moving to the far end of the roof. She takes a breath, and then begins to sprint toward the edge. The raptors look puzzled.

She leaps into space. And falls. Doing a slow, backward flip, her arms pedalling air...And she plunges down! She has done it!

She comes up to the surface, gasping, looks up at the roof, and sees the raptors looking down at her. The raptors turn away from the edge of the roof. And then she hears Harding calling her name. He's up on the roof!

Hurriedly, she climbs out of the pool and runs toward the lodge.

60 IN THE LODGE

Harding has gone up the steps to the roof two at a time, and he flings open the door .

HARDING
(shouting)
Sattler!

Mist blows among the pyramids on the roof. The raptor s are not in sight.

HARDING
Sattler!

In the next instant the clawed forearm smashed around the side of the door, catching him in the chest, and it takes all of his effort to pull himself backward and close the door on the arm, and from downstairs he hears Muldoon shouting,

MULDOON
She's here, she's inside.

From the other side of the door, the raptor snarls, and he slams the door again with a metallic clang.

BACK IN THE VISITOR CENTER

Tim and Lex come out of the cafeteria into the rotunda. It's quiet. Through glass walls outside, they see the three raptors stalking. Tim leads her upstairs quietly.

LEX
Where are we going?

They are on the second floor of the visitor center.

TIM
To the control room.

LEX
Where's that?

TIM
Along here someplace.

Tim goes past the labs, to the glass partition with a slot for a security card. Tim just pushes the door open.

LEX
Why're we going to the control room?

TIM
To find a radio. We need to call somebody.

In the distance, they hear the snarling of raptors. The animals seems to be closer.

LEX
(whispering)
They're out there... What are they doing here?

TIM
Never mind now.

He pushes open the door.

INT - MAIN CONTROL ROOM

Entirely dark except for the monitors, which all shows a series of colored rectangles. Tim moves forward, staring at the computer screens.

TIM
The screens are on!

LEX
So? Where's the radio?

TIM
That means the power must be back on...

LEX
(shifting her body)
I thought you wanted a radio.

TIM
Never mind that now.

He peers closely at the monitor: rows of colored labels on the screen, and a big label that reads "Initiate Computer Reset."

LEX
You better not fool around with that, Timmy.

TIM
Don't worry, I won't. But I've seen computers
like this before.

LEX
Yeah? Where?

TIM
At Dad's office.

LEX
Sure. For five seconds.

Hearing a static crackle, he turns. Lex holds a radio, twisting the knobs and dials.

LEX
How does it work? I can't make it work.

TIM
Give me that!

LEX
It's mine! I found it!

TIM
Give it to me, Lex!

LEX
I get to use it first!

Suddenly, the radio crackles.

MULDOON (on radio)
What the hell is going on!

Surprised, Lex drops the radio on the floor.

EXT - BETWEEN THE CENTERS

Grant ducks back, crouching among the palm trees. Through the mist and the glass he can see that the raptors are inside the building. In the rotunda. Moving around.

RICK 0016

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Tim snatches up the radio which Lex has dropped. He presses the button.

TIM
Hello? Hello?

MULDOON
(over radio)
Is that you, Tim? Where are you?

TIM
In the control room. The power is on!

MULDOON
Tim: we need the computer turned on. Will you do that for us?

TIM
If someone can tell me how.
(silence from them)
Hello? Did you hear me?

MULDOON
Ah, we have a problem about that. Nobody, ah, who is here knows how to do that. How to turn the computer on.

TIM
(incredulous)
What, are you kidding? Nobody knows? What about Mr. Arnold and Dr. Wu?

MULDOON
You know anything about computers, Tim?

Tim stares at the screen. Lex nudges him.

TIM
Yes, some. I know something.

MULDOON
Nobody here knows what to do. I think it's something about the main grid. Turning on the main grid...See if you can figure it out.

TIM
Okay. I'll try.

He clicks off the radio and stares at the screen, studying it.

LEX
(very serious)
Timmy. You don't know what to do.

TIM
Just a minute.

He pulls the chair close to the keyboard and presses the cursor keys. But nothing happens. He pushes other keys. The screen remains unchanged.

LEX
Well?

TIM
(frowning)
I don't get it.

He examines the computer, looking carefully. The keyboard...the monitor ... Tim looks at the edges of the screen and sees faint pinpoints of red light., all around the borders of the screen...He moves his finger toward the light and sees the soft red glow on his skin. He touches the screen and hears a beep.

A startup screen appears, and a message box.

LEX
What happened? You touched something.

TIM
It's a touch screen.

He touches RESET/REVERT. Instantly the screen changes. He gets a new message:

THE COMPUTER IS NOW RESET
MAKE YOUR SELECTION FROM THE MAIN SCREEN

Over the radio, they hear the raptors snarling.

LEX
I want to see what's happening. Try 'view.'

TIM
No, Lex.

RICK 0016

Before he can grab her hand, she presses VIEW. The screen changes ominously.

LEX
Uh oh.

TIM
Lex, will you cut it out?

Around the room, the monitors show quickly changing remote views of the park.

LEX
It worked!

Most of the images are misty gray, because of the exterior fog, but one shows the outside of the lodge, with a raptor on the roof, and then another switched to an image in bright sunlight, showing the bow of a ship, bright sunlight—

TIM
(leaning forward)
What was that?

But the image has already changed, and now they are seeing the inside of the lodge, one room after another, and then Malcolm, lying in a bed—

LEX
Stop it. I see them!

Tim touches the screen in several places, and gets submenus. More submenus.

LEX
Wait. You're confusing it...

TIM
Will you shut up! You don't know anything
about computers!

Now he has a list of monitors on the screen. One of them is marked VISITOR LODGE: LV2-4. Another was REMOTE: SHIPBOARD (VND). He presses the screen several times. Video images come up on monitors around the room. One shows the bow of the supply ship, and the ocean ahead. In the distance, Tim sees land—buildings along a shore, and a harbor. The ship seems to be just minutes from landing.

But his attention is drawn to the center screen, which shows the roof of the visitor lodge, in gray mist. The raptors are mostly hidden behind one of the pyramids, but their heads bob up and down, coming into view.

And then, on the monitor above it, he can see the inside of a room. Malcolm is lying in a bed, and Ellie stands next to him. They are both looking upward. As they watch, Muldoon walks into the room, and joins them, looking up with an expression of concern.

MULDOON
(on screen using radio)
Hello, Tim?

TIM
I'm here.

MULDOON
We haven't got a lot of time. Better get that power grid on, if you can.

Tim hears the raptors snarl, and sees one of the long heads duck down through the glass, briefly entering the picture from the top.

LEX
Timmy, tell him you don't know.

INTERCUTTING TIM AND THE COMPUTER SCREENS

Tim finds himself lost in a bewildering series of screens and overlapping windows.

LEX
Hurry, Timmy! Do something!

TIM
Will you shut up?

He pushes TEMPLATE-MAIN, gets a complicated diagram, with interconnecting boxes and arrows. He pushes COMMON INTERFACE. The screen shifts to another complex image.

LEX
(tugging at Tim's arm)
Timmy...

TIM
Not now, Lex.

LEX
Yes, now.

She pulls him away from the screen and the console.

IN THE LODGE

At the skylight above Malcolm's bed, the raptors have almost bitten through the second metal bar They can now poke their heads entirely through the shattered glass, and lunge and snarl at the people below. Then after a moment, they would pull back, and resume chewing on the metal.

MALCOLM
It won't be long now.

MULDOON
Tim, are you there? Tim?

THE HALLWAY

Tim slips out the door with Lex and sees the single raptor, down at the far end of the corridor, standing by the balcony. He stares in astonishment.

Then a second raptor suddenly appears on the balcony, and he understands. The raptor hasn't come from the freezer at all. It has come from outside. It has jumped from the ground below. The second raptor landing silently, perfectly balanced on the railing. Tim can't believe it. The big animal has jumped ten feet straight up. More than ten feet. Their legs must be incredibly powerful.

LEX
(whispering)
I thought you said they couldn't get here

TIM
Ssshh.

Tim watches with a kind of fascinated dread as the third raptor leaps to the balcony. The animals mill aimlessly in the corridor for a moment, and then they begins to move forward in single file toward him and Lex.

TIM
(whispering)
Come on.

They run for the guard. Tim gets the card, but of course the raptors have seen them. They snarl, and block his way back to the control room. They begins to spread apart, fanning out in the hallway to surround Tim and Lex. Their heads begin to duck rhythmically: They are going to attack.

Tim does the only thing he can do. Using the card, he opens the nearest door off the hallway and pushes Lex through. As the door begins to close slowly behind them, the raptors hiss and charge.

RICK 2016

GRANT COMING IN

Moving cautiously. Moving upstairs, toward the snarls. Tim is screaming!

TIM AND LEX IN THE NURSERY

The leathery skin touches Tim's face, claws tear his shirt. Tim falls onto his back, shrieking in fright.

LEX
(yelling)
Timmy!

Tim scrambles to his feet again. The baby raptor perches on his shoulder, chirping and squeaking in panic. Toys scatter on the floor: a rolling yellow ball, a doll, a plastic rattle.

LEX
It's the baby raptor.

The raptor grips Tim's shoulder with his tiny hind limbs, and burrows his head into Tim's neck. Lex comes closer and the baby hops onto her shoulder, rubs against her neck.

LEX
Why is it doing that? Is it scared?

The raptor is chirping and squeaking, and hopping up and down excitedly. It keeps looking around, head moving quickly, really worked up and—

The big raptors are coming through the door. First one, then a second one. They snarl. Clearly agitated, the baby chirps and bounces on Lex's shoulder. Tim plucks the little animal from his shoulder and scoots it across the room, where it lands at the feet of the bigger animals.

TIM
That'll distract them.

The baby scurries between the legs of the adults. The first raptor lowered its snout, sniffs at the baby delicately.

Tim takes Lex's hand, and pulls her deeper into the nursery. He has to find a door, a way to get out...
There is a high piercing shriek. Tim looks back to see the baby in the jaws of the adult . A second velociraptor comes forward and tear at the limbs of the baby, trying to pull it from the mouth of the first. The two raptors fought over the baby as the infant squealed. Blood splatters in large drops onto the floor.

RICK0010

LEX
Eww! They ate him.

The raptors fight over the remains of the baby, the adults rearing back, butting heads. Tim finds a door—unlocked—and goes through, pulling Lex after him.

IN THE EXTRACTION LABORATORY

Deep green glow, rows of stereo microscopes abandoned, the high-resolution screens showing frozen, giant black-and-white images of insects. The flies and gnats that have bitten dinosaurs millions of years ago, sucking the blood that now now used to re-create dinosaurs in the park.

The kids run through the laboratory, the snorts and snarls of the raptors pursuing them, coming closer, and then they go into the back of the lab—

And they COLLIDE WITH SOMETHING BIG and Lex shrieks in terror.

GRANT
Take it easy, kids.

Tim blinks in disbelief. Standing above him is Grant.

The raptors are still coming toward them, but seem momentarily hesitant, surprised by the arrival of more people. Grant pushes the kids into Gennaro's arms.

GRANT
Go through that door. To the control room, if you can.

TIM
What are you going to do?

The raptors stand near the door. Grant watches them form a hunting group.

GRANT
I spent my whole life studying these animals. I think I should know what to do.

TIM
What?

GRANT
(admitting it)
I have no idea. Now go.

Tim leads his sister away. The raptors continue slowly toward Grant, moving past the supercomputer screens that still blink endless sequences of computer-deciphered DNA code. The raptors come forward without hesitation, repeatedly ducking their heads. Working up to attack.

RCK 0016

Grant hears the door click behind him and glances over his shoulder. It's up to Grant now.

GRANT ALONE

Grant moves slowly, edging around the laboratory, leading the raptors away from the kids. He can see another door, nearer the front, which is marked TO LABORATORY. The door has a blue biohazard sign. The raptors are coming closer. One snarls, and Grant turns and slams into the door, moving beyond it, into:

IN THE HATCHERY LABORATORY

Beneath red infrared lights, long tables, with rows of eggs and a low clinging mist. The egg rockers on the tables click and whirr in a steady motion. The mist pours over the sides of the tables and drifts to the floor, where it disappears, evaporating.

Grant runs directly to the glass-walled laboratory at the rear. Ultraviolet light makes his clothes glow blue. He looks around at the glass reagents, beakers of pipettes, glass dishes...delicate, petite laboratory equipment.

In the main room the raptors enter, cautiously at first, sniffing the humid air, looking at the rocking tables of eggs. The lead animal wipes its bloody jaws with the back of its forearm. Silently the raptors pass between the long tables. The animals move in a coordinated way, ducking from time to time to peer beneath the tables.

Seeing them, Grant crouches behind a metal hood, peers around it, then notices the hood itself is marked with a skull and crossbones. A sign says CAUTION POISONS and BIOGENIC TOXINS. The lower part of the hood is glass. He can see bottles of poisons.

The raptors approach. Grant looks from them to the poisons. A plan!

But the hood is flush against the lab table. Grant can't slip his hand under it to get the poisons. Grant pushes against the hood, but there is no door, no handle, no way that he can see... Grant glances back at the main room.

The raptors are still moving among the tables of eggs.

He turns back to the hood, sees an odd metal fixture sunk into the surface of the table, like a covered outdoor electrical outlet . He flips up the cover, sees a button, presses it.

With a soft hiss, the hood slides upward, to the ceiling. The raptors don't notice.

Bottles of poison glow pale green in the ultraviolet light. Nearby a glass dish with syringes in it, each containing a tiny amount of green fluid. Grant reaches for the dish of syringes. The needles on the syringes are capped in plastic. He removes one cap, pulling it off with his teeth. He looks at the needle. He moves forward toward the raptors.

RICK 0016

IN THE HATCHERY

Grant reaches up, hand going into the mist, and he takes an egg, almost the size of a football, from the rocking table. He sticks the needle through the shell, and injects the syringe. The egg glows faint blue.

Grant bends beneath the table, sees the legs of the raptors, and the mist pouring down from the tabletops. He rolls the glowing egg along the floor, toward the raptors. The raptors look up, hearing the rumble as the egg rolls. They jerk their heads around.

The egg stops short of any dinosaurs. They ignore it.

Another injection. Another roll. Perfect! The egg comes to rest by the foot of one velociraptor, rocking gently, clicking against the toe claw of the dinosaur.

The raptor looks down in surprise, bends to sniff the glowing egg. And then ignores it. Resumes its search.

Grant, frustrated, injecting a third egg. He rolls this one fast, like a bowling ball. The egg rattles loudly across the floor.

One of the animals hears the sound—ducks down—sees it coming—and instinctively chases the moving object, gliding swiftly among the tables to intercept the egg as it rolls. The jaws snap down and bite into it, crushing the shell.

The raptor stands, pale albumen dripping from its jaws. Licks its lips noisily, and snorts with pleasure. It bites again, and laps the egg from the floor. But it doesn't seem to be in the least distressed.

It bends over to eat again from the broken egg on the floor. Grant looks down to see what will happen...From across the room, the raptor sees him. The big head freezes, *looking right at him.* And snarls.

It moves toward Grant, crossing the room in long, incredibly swift strides, when suddenly it makes a gasping, gurgling sound and pitches forward onto the ground. Foam bubbles from its mouth. Choking sounds. The head flops back and forth. The tail slams and thumps in spasms.

The other raptors in the room are frozen in mid-action, they listen to the sound of the dying animal. One cocks its head, then another, and another. One animal moves to the fallen raptor.

The dying raptor is now twitching, the whole body shaking on the floor. So much foam bubbles from its mouth that you can hardly see the head any more.

The second raptor bends over the fallen animal, examining it. It appears puzzled by the death throes. Cautiously, it looks at the foaming head, then moves down to the twitching neck, the heaving ribs, the legs...And takes a bite from the hind leg.

The dying animal snarls, lifts hits head and twist, sinking its teeth into the neck of its attacker. The standing animal wrenches free, blood flowing freely from the neck. The standing animal backs away, not wanting to fight.

An egg rolls towards feet. It sniffs, bites. The glowing material dripping down its chin. It is stricken almost instantly, coughing and pitching forward. As it falls, it knocks over a table. Dozens of eggs rolls everywhere across the floor. Grant looks at them in dismay. Eggs rolling everywhere.

Grant has one final syringe. He is trying to decide what to do when the last animal snorts irritably. The raptor has spotted him. The final raptor does not move for a long time, it just stares. And then it slowly, quietly comes forward. Stalking him. Bobbing up and down, looking first beneath the tables, then above them. It moves very deliberately, very cautiously, with none of the swiftness that it has displayed in a pack.

It never takes its eyes off Grant. Grant looks around quickly. There is nowhere for him to hide. Grant's gaze is fixed on the raptor, moving slowly laterally. Grant moves, too. He tries to keep as many tables as he can between himself and the advancing animal. Slowly...slowly...he moves to the left...

The raptor advances. Eggshells crack as it steps on them in the red gloom of the hatchery. Its breath comes in soft hisses, through flared nostrils.

As Grant crouches and maneuvers, he feels the radio bulge in his pocket. He takes it out, sets it aside, and then—takes it back, turns it on.

GRANT
(softly)
Hello. This is Grant.

ELLIE (on radio)
Alan? Alan?

GRANT
(softly)
Listen. Just talk.

ELLIE (on radio)
Alan, is that you?

GRANT
Talk

He pushes the radio across the floor away from him, toward the advancing raptor. He huddles behind a table leg, and waits. The raptor advances toward Grant.

ELLIE (on radio)
Alan. Speak to me, please.

The tinny voice makes the raptor pause. It sniffs the air, as if sensing someone else in the room.

RICK 0016

ELLIE (on radio)
Alan... I don't know if you can hear me.

165 The raptor turns away from Grant, moves toward the radio. The big feet come very near Grant. The pebbled skin—the streaks of dried blood on the curved claw—

ELLIE (on radio)
Alan, listen to me....Alan?

The raptor bends over, pokes at the radio on the floor, tentatively. It turns away from Grant, the big tail swings right above Grant's head. Grant reaches up and jabs the syringe deep into the flesh of the tail, injecting the poison.

The velociraptor shrieks in fury! It looks back, swings its tail—and smacks Grant in the head, sending him reeling under the tables! With frightening speed the raptor spins around, comes back toward Grant, wide jaws snapping—they close on the table leg nearest Grant—the head jerks up, and the table is flung away. Grant is on his back, completely exposed. Looming over Grant, the raptor roars, raises its head so it bangs into infrared lights above, making them swing crazily.

ELLIE (on radio)
Alan?

The raptor lifts its clawed foot. Grant rolls, and the foot slams down, just missing him. But it catches his shirt! He struggles, tears free from is another lightning kick. He rolls across the floor, scattering The raptor kicks again, smashing down on the radio, spattering sparks. It snarls in fury, and Grant comes to rest against the stainless steel wall, nowhere else to go, and the raptor leaps forward, raising its feet in attack.

Grant twists away, and the animal smashes into the steel, denting in a frightening symmetrical pattern!

Grant is now crawling up on one of the big steel refrigerators, they are eight feet high, there's only about five feet between the tops of the fridges and the ceiling, he's trying to get high, above the animal, but the raptor leaps and kicks again, smashing into the refrigerator, jumping six feet into the air, nipping and kicking as Grant huddles back.

And it topples backward. Wheezing. Foam comes from its mouth.

The kids come into the room. Grant signals them to stay back. Lex looks at the dying animal.

LEX
Wow.

Grant gets to his feet. They all turn, and runs for the control room.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

The screen in the control room is now flashing on and off.

LEX
What happened?

Grant staring at the screen, and gingerly putting his hand toward the keyboard.

TIM
That won't do any good.

GRANT
(shaking head)
I don't know about computers.

Tim is already sliding into the seat. He touches the screen rapidly. On one video monitor, we can see the boat moving closer to Puntarenas. It is now only about two hundred yards from the the dock.

But on the other monitor, the raptors looking down from the lodge ceiling. On the radio, hear their snarls.

LEX
Do something, Timmy.

TIM
I'm trying...

He pushes INFO, gets credits about programming and a copyright notice. As he pushes FIND. Gets more stuff. Pushes GO BACK. He is getting nowhere at all. He pushes GO BACK. Frantic now, sweating, he pushes buttons one after another.

BICK 001c

MULDOON (on radio)
How's it coming, Tim? We need that grid.

He doesn't bother to answer. Suddenly, without warning, the main screen is back.

TIM
Electrical Main and SetGrids DNL...they might
have something to do with grids....

He presses SetGrids DNL, and groans when he sees another complex screen.

LEX
Timmy, you don't know—

It's true, he doesn't. He pushes STANDARD PARAMETERS. More windows and boxes. He shakes his head in frustration. Then realizes one of the boxes is informative.

TIM
Look. Grid coordinates for the lodge are F-4.
So...let's turn on...Grid F4

He pushes Grid F4. The screen answers:

POWER GRID F4 (VISITOR LODGE)
POWER CANNOT BE TURNED ON.
(POWER INCOMPATIBLE WITH COMMAND ERROR.)

He pushes another button. The screen flashes again. Then it is the message they want: Same error message. Tim tries to stay calm.

TIM
What does that mean?

GRANT
Better turn the grids on first.

TIM
I can't.

He pushes Electrical Main, gets a complicated electrical screen.

GRANT
What are you doing now?

The whole screen is starting to flash. Tim pushes Main Grid P. The computer answers: MAIN POWER GRID NOT ACTIVE/AUXILIARY POWER ONLY

The screen is still flashing. He pushes Main Set 1. The computer answers: MAIN POWER ACTIVATED

All the lights in the room comes on. All the monitor screens stop flashing.

LEX
Hey! All right!

Tim presses Reset Grid. Nothing happens for a moment. He glances at the video monitors where the raptors are almost through, then back at the main screen.

Grant says something that Tim doesn't hear, he only hears the tension in his voice. He looks at Tim, worried.

Tim's sweating. Lex yells at him. He can't look at the video monitor any more. He hears the sound of the bars bending in the lodge, and the raptors snarling.

MALCOLM (on radio)
Dear God...

Tim pushes LODGE. Still another screen comes up asking him for the grid number. BABBLE OF VOICES all around him and he can't seem to think and then he presses H4. The computer responds: ACTIVATING LODGE GRID H4 NOW

BACK IN THE LODGE

The raptors EXPLODE in a shower of sparks, and Ellie rushes to get Malcolm out of the hot cascade of sparks as the raptors squeal and die.

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM

On the video monitor he sees an explosion of sparks, sputtering down from the ceiling of the hotel room. The monitor flares white.

GRANT
(slaps Tim on back)
That's it. That's it! You did it!

They are all standing and jumping up and down when Lex says

LEX
What about the ship?

GRANT
The what?

LEX
(pointing at screen)
The ship.

RICK 0016

On the monitor, the buildings beyond the bow of the ship were much larger, and moving to the right, as the ship turned left, and prepared to dock. He saw crewmen heading out to the bow, preparing to tie up.

Tim scrambles back to his seat, and stares at the startup screen.

He studies the screen. TeleCom VBB and TeleCom RSD both looked like they might have something to do with telephones. He presses TeleCom RSD.

YOU HAVE 23 WAITING CALLS AND/OR MESSAGES. DO YOU WISH TO RECEIVE THEM NOW?

He pushes NO

ENTER THE NUMBER YOU WISH TO CALL OR PRESS F7 FOR DIRECTORY.

He pushes F7 and suddenly names and numbers spill over the screen, an enormous directory. It wasn't alphabetical, and it takes a while to scan it visually before he finds what he was looking for:

VSL ANNE B. (FREDDY) 708-3902

Now all he has to do is figure out how to dial. He pushes a row of buttons at the bottom of the screen:

He hears a dial tone, then the tone of the numbers being automatically dialed in rapid succession.

GRANT
Is that it?

Tim grinned.

LEX
Pretty good, Timmy. But they're almost there.

On the screen, they can see the prow of the ship closing on the Puntarenas dock. The ship is only about two hundred yards offshore. They hears a high-pitched squeal, and then a

FREDDY
Ah, hello, John, this is Freddy. Do you read
me, over?

Tim picks up a phone on the console but hears only a dial tone.

FREDDY
Ah, hello, John, this is Freddy, over?

LEX
Answer it.

Now they are all picking up phones, lifting every receiver in sight, but they hears only dial tones. Finally Tim sees a phone mounted on the side of the console, with a blinking light.

FREDDY
Ah, hello, control. This is Freddy. Do you read
me, over?

Tim grabs the receiver.

GRANT
(reaching for phone)
Let me do this. Hello, Anne B? Can you hear me, Anne B?

FREDDY
Well, I don't know who the hell you are, but we're about to dock and we're pretty busy. Now, identify yourself properly or get off this channel.

Tim watches as the screen prints out FARRELL, FREDERICK D. (CAPT).

GRANT
Try this identification, Captain Farrell. Your boat is in possession of stolen biological materials. If you don't turn around and return to this island immediately, you will be found in violation of Section 509 of the Uniform Maritime Act, you will be subject to revocation of license, penalties in excess of one hundred thousand dollars, and ten years in jail. Do you copy, Captain Farrell?

FREDDY
I copy. (beat) All ahead stern.

The boat begins to turn away from the dock. Lex begins to cheer. Tim collapses back in the chair, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

RICK 0016

TIM
What's the Uniform Maritime Act?

GRANT
Who the hell knows?

They all watch the screen. The boat is definitely heading away from the shore.

GRANT
(shaking his head)
Great. Now all we have to do is get off this island. Let's get Gennaro. He knows who to call...

OUTSIDE THE VISITOR CENTER

Everybody is getting onto the cars. Malcolm carried, being made comfortable. Inside, through glass, we see Gennaro on the phone. Harding comes hurrying up.

HARDING
I can't find Hammond anywhere. He's not in his bungalow.

Gennaro hangs up, comes running out.

GENNARO
Helipad. Let's go. They're already on their way.

HARDING
We haven't found Hammond.

GENNARO
(grimly)
Justice is served.

Gennaro climbs aboard as Grant backs up to drive away. Lex is looking out the back, and amid all this urgent feeling:

LEX
Stop!

The car stops abruptly. A small horn sticks up above the rear trunk. Lex is already out of the car.

LEX
Ralph!

The triceratops baby is almost as large as the car. She hugs it around the neck. Ralph squeaks happily.

LEX
Ralph, I was worried about you....where's your mother? Why are you all alone?

RICK 0016

GRANT
(gently)
Lex, we have to go.

LEX
I want to take Ralph with us.

GRANT
Lex, we can't.

LEX
Why not? He needs someone to look after him.

GRANT
He doesn't belong in our world, that's why.

GENNARO
We better get a move on.

GRANT
Come on, Lex. Get in the car.

164 MOMENTS LATER

The car driving away, while the baby triceratops stares at its departure, then trots after it, following it.

165 BACK IN THE VISITOR CENTER

John Hammond stands on the balcony, watches the car go. He comes forward to the rotunda of the visitor center...and sees the destruction of his world. The world he has made. He moves forward in horror and a kind of awe, and at his feet, one of the raptors which seems to be dead moves slightly, its head jerks...Hammond jumps away nervously...

And bangs into the scaffolding, and it starts to tumble down around him, while he ducks for cover, with bars and bones coming at him from all directions...he dodges the skull, which crashes down at his feet, but finally the big thigh bone falls like a tree...and lands over his leg, pinning him to the ground.

Rick 0029

He winces in pain. He tries to move the bone, but he's trapped. He looks over at the raptor, but it has sick eyes, and it dies staring at him. Hammond tries again to move the bone. He is alone in the cavernous space. His breathing echoes.

He hears a distant squeaking. His eyes widen. He knows what it is—compys! And sure enough the little chickens from hell come chittering gleefully down the escalator, hurrying toward him, and he struggles all the more to get free, and he rolls the bone slightly, but only slightly, and then when he looks up...

The compys stand all around him. Like vultures around a corpse. Silent. Waiting. And then, one comes tentatively forward to bite at his exposed ankle. He shoos it away, ineffectually, and must watch as the compy starts to eat his body. And then quickly, one after another, the compys move forward, until his body is covered by the flapping leaping green creatures, and Hammond's hoarse cries are muted by the creatures that cover him.

His hand reaches out, struggling, clutching at air—and a compy bites the palm. His screams fill the deserted rotunda, as we pull back over dead dinosaurs, shattered bones, and complete destruction.

70 EXT - HELICOPTER PAD

A final view, from on high, of Jurassic Park, with the dinosaurs in the sunset, and our survivors all stare down.

ELLIE
It could have been something.

GRANT
Yeah. Maybe.

And it really is fantastic, the adults and the babies, the carnivores, the rivers and the mountains...an extraordinary landscape...

And then the helicopter bursts through the fog, thundering down for a landing, and a door is flung open and Grant hears the rapid babble of Spanish and sees Malcolm and the kids boarding. He looks a final time. It is so beautiful...

SOLDIER
(in English)
Please, you will come with us. Please, there is no time here. Come now. You cannot stay.

Grant heads toward the helicopter, climbs up. The soldiers pull him through the big door.

RICK 0016

71 ON THE HELICOPTER

The soldiers help everybody into harnesses. Tim and Lex wave to Grant and he suddenly sees how young they are, and how exhausted. An officer approaches Grant and shouts,

OFFICER
Senor: are you in charge?

GRANT
No. I'm not in charge.

OFFICER
Who is in charge, please?

GRANT
I don't know.

OFFICER
(to Gennaro)
Are you in charge?

GENNARO
No. Nobody is in charge.

The officer looks at Ellie, says nothing to her. The door is open as the helicopter lifts away from the pad, and Grant leans out to catch a last look at the animals, but then they are above the palm trees and moving north over the island.

GRANT
(shouting to Muldoon)
What about the animals?

Muldoon just points: up ahead, other helicopters come toward us, their bellies underslung heavily with armaments, and our helicopter is going out to sea, farther from the island, and we are really quite distant, with the island against a deep purple sky and sea, cloaked in mist that blurs the white hot explosions, bursting one after another, until it seems the entire island is glowing white-hot, a bright spot in the darkening light, and Grant turns away.

GENNARO
Well, at least they didn't get out, and overrun the world. We didn't destroy the planet.

MALCOLM
You can't destroy this planet.

GENNARO
Most people would say the planet is in jeopardy....The ozone layer, global warming, deforestation—

MALCOLM
—This planet is four and a half billion years old. There has been life on this planet for nearly four billion years. First bacteria...to the great ages of the amphibians, the dinosaurs, the mammals, each lasting millions and millions of years. All this happening as mountain ranges thrust up and erode away, comets collide, volcanoes erupt, oceans rise and fall, continents move... This planet has survived everything. It will survive us, too.

RICK 0016

MALCOLM (cont'd)
(beat)
We have been residents here for two million years. Two million years is *nothing*. The blink of an eye. If we're gone tomorrow, the earth will not miss us.

GENNARO
So what are you saying? We shouldn't worry about the environment?

MALCOLM
No, of course not. But let's be clear. The planet is not in jeopardy. *We* are in jeopardy. We haven't got the power to destroy the planet—but we might have the power to save ourselves.

Grant looks back at the island. Then he turns away. The helicopter heads back to the mainland, away from the burning destruction.

RICK 0015